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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AN ENDOWED NEWSPAPER: A Hint to Philanthropists	35
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT	37
Professor von Holst's Address at the first quarterly Convocation of the University of Chicago.—Ibsen's New Play and its amusing Private Performance in London.—The Question of Secondary Education.—Prof. Norton's Call for Funds for a Proposed Keats Memorial.—Denison University's new Quarterly.	
LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA. Edgar Fawcett	38
COMMUNICATIONS	40
University Extension and a Step Beyond. James E. Foreman.	
"The Ice Age in North America."—A Closing Word with the Reviewer. G. Frederick Wright.	
A Literary Phase of the Immigration Question. Henry W. Thurston.	
THE MEMOIRS OF A "SPORTING PARSON." E. G. J.	42
FRANCE IN NORTH AMERICA. Edward G. Mason	45
THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. Charles H. Cooper	47
THE GREAT AMERICAN ADMIRAL. Horatio L. Wait	49
RECENT AMERICAN VERSE. William Morton Payne	50
Ball's The Merrimac River.—Bunner's Rowen.—Johnson's The Winter Hour.—Scollard's Songs of Sunrise Land.—McGaffey's Poems of Gun and Rod.—Miss Aldrich's Songs about Life, Love, and Death.—Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	53
The Best Study yet made of Tennyson's Work.—A Popular History of Early English Literature.—The Views of Darwin in the Light of Latest Researches.—Nine Years of the Daily Life of General Washington.—A New and Valuable History of France from 1661 to 1723.—The Causes and Conditions of the French Revolution.—Sketches and Pictures of Canadian Travels.—The Mother of George Washington.	
BRIEFER MENTION	56
LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS	57
TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS	58
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	58

AN ENDOWED NEWSPAPER—A HINT TO PHILANTHROPISTS.

In the retrospect of the year recently ended there is no feature more significant than that offered by the benefactions of the philanthropically-minded wealthy. The immense sums of money devoted, whether by bequests or by gifts *inter vivos*, to charitable and educational purposes, give pause to cynicism and blunt the weapons of the socialist. There is some good in human nature, after all, and great fortunes are not an unmitigated social evil. The wealth thus diverted to beneficent ends may not always have been well-gotten, but its application, at least, is praiseworthy, and the act of its bestowal is a positive boon to society. We do not say that this atones for any possible dishonesty of acquisition; we do say that such bestowal may legitimately be considered as an isolated fact, and judged upon its own merits. Existing wealth, however acquired, is a positive power for good or evil; even if unfairly gained by its present owner, it is there, and must be reckoned with as a social factor. There are few cases in which an attempt to undo the injustice of the past, as far as injured individuals are concerned, would not be entirely futile. Had the late Mr. Gould devised his estate to public purposes, it would have been ethical casuistry to frown upon the gift. If we may make this somewhat preposterous supposition, it cannot be denied that mankind would have been better off in consequence; nor can it be denied, on the other hand, that mankind would have been still better off had no such person lived. The benefaction and the personal account of the man who makes it present two distinct questions, which ought not to be, as they so often are, confused. It does not detract from the positive value of the one that the other leans heavily to the debit side of the balance.

This excursus has led us away from the original intention of our article, which was simply that of indicating a new outlet for the wealth of the philanthropist. We imagine that many a millionaire, disposed to liberality, has been deterred by lack of the imagination needed in the selection of a suitable object. To endow a church, or a hospital, or a college, must seem a hackneyed procedure, worthy as such institutions intrinsically are. To the millionaire of philanthropic velleity, in search of some comparatively novel method of benefitting his fellow-men, we would suggest the endowment of a newspaper. We can hardly conceive of a more civilizing influence than might be exerted, over a city and country, by a daily newspaper of ideal standards and aims, a newspaper dependent for support upon

no political organization, no special group of commercial and industrial interests, no popular favor of any kind.

It may be taken for granted, in the present state of civilization, that no such daily newspaper could pay its own expenses. It is an admitted fact that the best intellectual or artistic activity needs to be supported. There are few exceptions to the rule that the best education, the best literature, the best scientific work, the best painting, sculpture, music, and dramatic art, cannot reward their producers as they should be rewarded. Architecture alone, among the higher works of the intellect, makes sufficient appeal to the practical instincts of men to be reasonably fruitful, and even the very best architecture must be done for glory rather than for pecuniary return. Still, in all these cases (dramatic art excepted), fame continues to supply the motive for good work, perhaps the best work that might in any case be hoped for. But the desire for fame alone, and the consciousness of doing work as it should be done, without thought of material profit, does not seem as yet to have been a motive sufficient for the production of anything like an ideal newspaper. At best, when the production is controlled by a single mind of sound instincts, the motive is mixed with more or less of commercialism; at worst, when the management is by a corporation, the money-getting motive is unleavened by anything better, and a newspaper is produced which has for its one object the enlargement of circulation by any means that do not overstep the limits imposed by the criminal law. That journalism has its ethics, that its exercise is a trust no less than the exercise of the legal, or medical, or teaching profession, or of the functions of public life, is a fact almost lost sight of in our modern scramble for wealth. How hopelessly blunted must be the moral sense of a man who can assume the office of a public teacher, in the wide sense permitted by journalism, with the deliberate intention of making it bring the largest possible returns, and who can unblushingly defend his course (as has so often been done) by pleading that the production of a newspaper is a business enterprise like any other.

The prevalence of this unethical spirit has produced the American newspaper of to-day, for which every intelligent American must blush. That certain features of excellence, mainly in the direction of prompt and comprehensive news-gathering, have been developed, is to be attributed rather to accident than to meritorious impulse. The American newspaper publisher has discovered that he can get rich by catering to the tastes of the vulgar, and vicious, and unlettered, and so snaps his fingers at the clergymen, and teachers, and "literary fellows" generally. Granting the immoral postulate from which he sets out, his course follows logically enough. The chief of our cities illustrates the two extremes of modern journalism, and the argument is commercially convincing. The best newspaper in the

United States is published there, and also the worst; the former has the smallest and the latter the largest circulation.

For this state of things public taste, considering only the verdict of numbers, is of course responsible, and offers a certain excuse for the policy of not setting too high a standard at once. What it does not excuse is the policy of arousing in humanity the dormant vulgarities and brutalities that civilization is slowly endeavoring to put to their final sleep, but that are still restless and wakeful. Many of our newspapers are engaged in this work of positive degradation, and for their diabolical activity no condemnation can be too emphatic. To the others, more or less self-convicted of time-serving, but still standing upon a mental plane slightly above that of the *homme sensuel moyen*, there is some faint praise to be given, at least of the sort that we give to the man who finds a pocket-book that he might keep undetected, and who restores it to the owner. It is, of course, only the barest decency to refrain from employing the worst methods of our worst journalism, but it is something to save even that relative form of virtue from the general wreck of worthy ideals.

It is because of these considerations; because many of our newspapers, in the words of the San Francisco "Argonaut," are "coarse, boastful, narrow, unfair, mendacious, dirty, mercenary, stupid"; because most of them slight the real interests of civilized society for the sake of partisanship, vulgar personalities, and subjects that no healthy mind needs or cares to know very much about; because, in the words of the late Mr. Lowell, the press of the day "is controlled more than ever before by its interests as a business rather than by its sense of duty as a teacher, and must purvey news instead of intelligence"; because, to sum it all up, the influence of such a press upon the national character must be incalculably bad, that we have made our serious suggestion to the ambitious millionaire. As an object-lesson in journalism, the existence in a community like ours of a paper devoted to the real interests of the city and nation of its origin, uncontrolled by counting-room influences, able to keep its readers in touch with the best thought of the world, giving to art and science and literature their due prominence in its columns, unflinchingly standing for honest government and the purity of private morals,—the very existence of such a paper would mean much, although its readers should be outnumbered ten to one by those of lewd sheets of the baser sort. It could not fail in time to react upon the journalism of the country at large, and would offer a standing protest against the methods now current. It would steadily find its way into the family, and prove a potent influence in shaping the men and women of the future. Indeed, the most serious aspect of the present problem is that offered by the influence of newspapers upon the young. Upon this aspect the New York "Evening Post"

puts no undue emphasis when it says: "The rising curiosity, which is in young people the most important instrument of mental growth, is not only turned wholly away from the serious and healthy side of American life, from sound politics, from wholesome literature, from art, science, industry, but is concentrated with hideous eagerness on the national sewers and pesthouses and dunghoops, until the whole of life becomes a filthy jest." The endowment of a great newspaper, with suitable provision for its management by a body of highly educated, cultivated, and conscientious men, would prove a work of wider-reaching beneficence than the endowment of a great university.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The first quarterly Convocation of the University of Chicago was held on the evening of January 2, amid the alien surroundings of a public hall. The fact that the University has no building of its own suitable for such a gathering, and has no immediate prospect of such a building, although not alluded to by President Harper in his interesting summary of the possessions and needs of the institution, must have been impressed upon the minds of many among the audience. The feature of the evening was the address of Professor von Holst upon "The Need of Universities in the United States." Upon this occasion the eminent German historian made his first public appearance in the country of his recent adoption, and spoke in no uncertain tone upon one of the greatest of themes. His address was characterized by an eloquence of almost rugged simplicity, and embodied the soundest of doctrine in the clearest form of statement. As a contrast to what has passed for eloquence with many a Chicago audience, the address was highly instructive. It took a serious view of the grave problems of American civilization, did not seek to provide them with easy solutions, looked a trifle askance at the optimistic views of Professor Bryce, and emphasized the importance of the "remnant" according to Arnold. To strengthen this "remnant," and to correspondingly weaken the power for evil of the "unsound majority," was held to be the aim of all worthy endeavor for national advancement, and to this end the university, more than any other influence, must contribute. The speaker did not hesitate to assert that no university, in the European sense, exists as yet in the United States. Strictly, this is true, and yet three or four of our so-called universities are not far from the European standard. We have a number of fairly well organized philosophical faculties, and the proportional strengthening of the other faculties associated with them is probably a question of the next few years. Still, it is better to err in the direction of grudging recognition than in that of self-laudation. Professor von Holst fully recognized the excellence of the work done by our present colleges and universities, although his plea was essentially for a higher development of our educational ideals.

Herr Ibsen's new play is in three acts, and is entitled "Bygmester Solness" (*Baumeister or Architect Solness*). The English translation will soon be published. In the meanwhile, to secure English copyright for stage purposes, the book has been printed and the

play performed (both in the original), in London. The performance is said to have been very amusing. It was difficult to find enough actors, professional or amateur, able to read Norwegian. A newspaper correspondent makes the following note upon this private performance: "A journalist was pressed into the service on the strength of having made a tourist jaunt through Norway last year, and having learned some score of elementary hotel words. One of the male parts was given him to read in this odd performance, and he did so without getting the gleam of an idea of what it was all about. After the task was performed he inquired, and was informed to his chagrin that he had been acting the rôle of lover to the prettiest girl on the stage with a lot of highly acceptable demonstrative business." The English law of copyright appears to have its absurdities, no less than our own.

We are glad to see that the universities are taking up the question of secondary education in a practical way. A decided impetus to this movement was given by the Harvard Committee on Composition and Rhetoric, whose report upon the sort of English written by candidates for admission to the University has opened many eyes. In the January issue of "The Harvard Graduates' Magazine" the essential parts of this report are printed, as well as a trenchant article on the subject by Mr. Charles Francis Adams. The remedy for the shocking state of things disclosed by the report is a simple one in statement, although its effective application will call for a change of heart in many secondary teachers. Correct English must be firmly and persistently required of high school and academy students in all their exercises, written and oral. The absurdity of relegating instruction in the English language to a weekly or monthly exercise ought to be apparent enough, and yet it will not be easy to persuade teachers of mathematics and natural science that their duty comprises quite as much attention to the form of expression as to the accuracy of the facts stated. Even teachers of the foreign languages are apt to be neglectful of this aspect of their work, and to allow slipshod renderings to pass unchallenged. Much good may also be expected to result from the conferences upon secondary education held in a number of cities during the recent holidays. The reports of these conferences have not yet been made public, but the questions set for discussion were of the most practical nature, and were deliberated upon by men of high educational standing. Something like a scientifically-planned course of instruction for secondary schools may reasonably be expected to result from the conferences, and such a course, thus authoritatively promulgated, will be likely to make its way in time, although it will have to contend with dense ignorance on the part of school boards, and the opposition of badly-educated teachers.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton heads the list of signatures to a circular calling for funds with which to provide a Keats memorial; the nature of the memorial contemplated is thus described: "Since Keats left England to die, there has never been upon her soil the slightest memorial to his character or genius. Now, however, admirable wall-space has been secured in the parish church of Hampstead, London, N. W., through the kindness of the present Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Burnaby; and here it is proposed that the sympathetic portrait bust of Miss Anne Whitney, supported by a bracket designed by Will H. Low, Esq., be erected solely by

Americans. This church is a most fitting place for such a memento, since it was in Hampstead that Keats made his last English home, from the spring of 1817, with slight interruptions, until his departure for Italy, in the autumn of 1820; here it was that George Keats left his two brothers, in 1818, to sail for America; and here at the end of the same year the younger of them died; here the poet 'domesticated' with his ever-devoted friend, Charles Amitage Brown; here he met and loved Fanny Brawne; and here, too, under the still-spreading branches of his friend's garden, was written the imperishable 'Ode to the Nightingale.' It is always a graceful thing for Americans to give such "testimony of thanksgiving for our inherited literature" as is called for in this circular, and the very moderate sum of three hundred dollars is all that is needed to complete the required amount. Contributions may be sent to Professor Norton at Shady Hill, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"Denison Quarterly," a neatly printed review of about a hundred pages, edited by members of the faculty of Denison University, has just made its initial appearance. The contents of this number include half a dozen papers of considerable interest, two of them by instructors in the University of Chicago. We think, however, that these articles would have exerted a wider influence if contributed to the special journals already in existence. Here are essays on psychology, history, romance philology, education, archaeology, and political science, having no common interest, and without even the slight unity that might be given them by a common origin. The small university should not attempt to have publications of its own, and even the large university should beware of undertaking other than publications in special fields. The fact that the "Denison Quarterly" is not an official organ of the institution from which it issues does not weaken our contention that it represents a misdirection of energy.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

Intelligent people always listen respectfully to any proposed plan for the "regeneration" of the drama. It is quite natural that they should so listen, for the state of the drama is such that in this country and in England (not now to speak of any other countries at all) it might safely draw upon large funds of improvement. And yet could it not safely have done the same three hundred years ago? Certainly, all through the eighteenth century it was sneered at by unnumbered satirists. Very justly, too, since one need only turn over certain bookfuls of "old plays" from authors long forgotten, to realize the untold riff-raff by which our ancestors were once martyred. But perhaps these dead ladies and gentlemen were willing martyrs, and went to the boards of the play-house not feeling quite as hostile toward them as if they had been the boards of a scaffold. Trash was often liked on the stage then, just as it is often liked now. But there is a difference between the kinds of trash liked yesterday and to-day. Long and silly speeches were tolerated then, where now they

would be almost hissed. The stage-settings were pitifully meagre, the illusion was in most cases forlorn and mean. We are apt to forget that certain old comedies have survived simply through the saliency of their merits. Myriads of others have perished, and for the most cogent of reasons.

An attempt to wed literature and drama is of necessity perilous. Literature means the delineation of life through many methods; drama means its delineation through only one. Literature is thought, feeling, analysis, pathos, verbal dignity and daintiness, meditation, poetic suggestion, graceful or startling epigram, lights and shades of passion,—everything, in short, which may be needed to make up a complete portraiture of the human soul. Drama may mean all this, and undoubtedly does mean it, at its fullest and best. But drama has only a single medium of expression, and this is action. All qualities that are good in a play are good because they are acted, not because they are talked about, or described, or hinted at, or artistically liked. To wise theatrical managers this kind of formulation is the merest commonplace; but for many thousands of people who either seek theatres or abstain from them, a surprising ignorance exists of any such restrictive formulas. This large multitude never asks itself why it goes to the theatre or why it stays away. When it goes it does not want literature (and this is a matter solemnly to be noted and believed) unless literature appears deftly disguised in the garb of rapid and striking dramatic treatment. No less an authority than that brilliant actor, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, once said that the audience at a play really heard no more than half the dialogue of the play itself. This, I think, is an admirable judgment from two points of view. First: the pantomimic part of the play (that large portion of it which would "go by itself" even if gestures instead of words were used) absorbs in great degree the popular attention. And, second: the persons who attend a play do so with far more concern for what happens than for what is actually spoken.

Especially, I should say, is this true of our modern audiences. Here in New York (and "yonder" in London, for that matter) we have done with the cares of the day when any thought of "going to the theatre" occurs to us. We have loitered a little over our cigars, if we are men, over our grapes and almonds if we are women. We are not necessarily languid, in an intellectual sense, but are touched by that vague yet distinct kind of mental inertia which can only be stirred by some acute emotional incentive. Hence comedy, of a poignantly mirthful sort, is most agreeable to us, and perhaps the most wholesome. But we do not object to "agony" if it wakes us, rouses us, thrills us. What we will not then endure — what, as English speaking theatre-goers, we have never patiently endured — is that species of diversion which resembles the printed page or the lecture-hall discourse.

There are five great arts—Poetry, Painting, Music, Sculpture, and Drama. Between Drama and the remaining four I should be inclined to doubt that by any means an equal bond was existent. I should rather affirm that Drama and Sculpture were more closely akin than either of their noble associates. Drama must achieve her effects inside severe and rigid limits; with Sculpture it is the same. Drama must ignore backgrounds and concern herself with decisive and uncompromising outlines; Sculpture recognizes the same prescribed province of exploit. Drama is at her best in concentrated and isolated groupings; of Sculpture the same truth may be affirmed. One might even state that the wedding of dramatic and literary elements in a play resembles a union between science and religion. There can reign no equal interchange of rights; literature must be the wife, not the husband, and therefore in a certain sense subordinate.

"But all good plays," argues the dissenter, "are perforce literary." This is entirely true. Still, few good acting plays are so literary that letters can be detected in them except as a secondary trait, a subservient condition. All successful dramatists will tell you, if you ask them, that they had their "story," their argument, the number of their acts, the personalities of their characters, even many of their "exits" and "entrances," arranged clearly in their minds before the work itself was written. To "write" it is not an easy affair, but easier, far easier, than to construct it. Vulgar and tasteless writing will not pass with an average audience in a well-constructed play, but a great deal of inferior writing will pass. The late Tom Taylor even made much inferior blank-verse pass in this way. It is nearly always not poetic blank-verse at all, and yet it serves the occasion, it is acceptable to its hearers, because the action which it envelopes is adroitly and tellingly planned.

We often hear it deplored that so much trash should "succeed" on the stage. But commentators are apt to forget that it is trash of a kind by which very sensible people are amused—people who would not read it if it were procurable between the covers of a book, but which the interpretation of talented artists and the glamour of good scenery and good stage-management make entertaining and enjoyable. How frequently do we hear of a play, "Oh, it's dreadful stuff, but it's worth seeing." And how much more frequently do we hear, "Oh, it's dreadful stuff, but So-and-So is splendid in it, and by all means go and see him."

One of the greatest mistakes known is to imagine that the crowds who will sometimes flock to see a bad play are ignorant that it is bad. On the contrary, if you ask members of them their opinion at the final fall of the curtain you will be surprised to find how many hold this bad play in just contempt. And yet they leave the theatre and tell their friends next day that they laughed themselves almost to death, or cried themselves nearly blind,

and their friends, longing for a similar sensation, besiege the fortunate box-office.

Literature, certainly, has no concern with these queer self-contradictory verdicts. Literature and popularity, indeed, are on the stage incessant antagonists. It is all very well to inform the poor manager that if he brought out plays of a "higher grade" he would be doing a great service to art. But the manager, if he has a fat salary-list with which to concern himself every week, knows perfectly well that even the grandest masterpieces of Shakespeare will stand one chance in five hundred of giving him houses respectably filled. He is only too anxious to do "Romeo and Juliet" if he can get an Adelaide Neilson to enact "Juliet," or "The Taming of the Shrew" if he can get an Ada Rehan to shine as "Katherine." But without artists of transcendent merits he has long ago assured himself that even such precarious literature as that of Sheridan Knowles will hardly fill half his stalls, not to speak of an empty gallery. Most managers, as my experience tells me, are exceedingly anxious to produce plays of high literary worth. Nothing pleases them more than to read in newspapers that their author of the hour, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, has "won recognition by a work of high artistic merit." But when this work has failed to "draw," the unhappy manager must of necessity feel his self-gratulation clouded by the stern fact of meagre receipts. And it so often happens that the very persons who "approve" and "thoroughly endorse" a dramatic production, quit it without a shadow of the contagious enthusiasm which is needed to swell pecuniary returns.

A play, whether it be "Macbeth" or "The Brass Monkey," must make people buy tickets to see it or it is not worth bringing out. A book can appear, sell a few hundred copies, and yet not be a failure. A play, if it is a failure, must cease to exist; there is no alternative; the dislike or apathy of the public settles its fate. Thousands are expended upon a play, only a few hundreds on a book. The publisher can keep his book in the market long after it has ceased to attract; the manager must take a play off the stage of his theatre as soon as it fails to attract, and each new night that he persists in retaining it there means to him dreary loss.

These practical considerations may strike the lover of higher dramatic things as flimsily outside the whole subject of elevating and improving the stage. But the satiric and absurd part taken by this lover of higher dramatic things can be described in very few words: he reviles the theatre as it exists, goes there about six times a year, generally sneers at the acting even when the play is a classic, and never condescends to tell a single soul among his acquaintances that his evening has been one either of boredom or pleasure. Those who profess to love literature in the drama are generally persons who prefer to *read* literature in the drama

rather than to see it performed with such aids as vocalism, footlights, and scenery. They may assert very emphatically that this is not true; but such idealists, I have repeatedly observed, are quite as apt to condemn a play when it "drags" as if they were the most assiduous and regular "first-nighters."

These detractors of the English and American drama are constantly pointing to the superior models and accomplishments of France. In this they are partly right, and partly wrong. They forget, however, that a very great deal of trash is produced at the Parisian theatres. If trash is not produced at such a theatre as the *Comédie Française*, it is not produced there because the government of the country guarantees that charming place of entertainment against pecuniary loss. I have sat many times in my *fauteuil d'orchestre* at the *Français* and thrilled under the delicious spells woven by Mounet-Sully, by Bartet, by Worms, by Coquelin, and other superb artists, and yet asked myself, as I glanced upward and downward through the bare-floored, inhospitable, yet adorable temple of art, if it were really a "paying house." I doubt if it often is. It is paying in the sense that the government pays for it. If our government or if the English government would pay for such a place as the *Français*, then lovers of allied literature and drama might reasonably rejoice. They could go on rejoicing, and yet patronize the performance hardly more than six times a year, which I suspect that a vast number of well-educated Frenchmen persist in doing. The *Théâtre Français* in Paris is to many cultured Parisians like the gardens of Versailles or the galleries of the Louvre. They are proud of such institutions, but they rarely go to them. They prefer strolls or drives through the Bois de Boulogne on the one hand, or the rubbish of the *Variétés* and the *Folies Dramatiques* on the other. When our own "Uncle Sam" subsidizes a New York theatre for us, we, too, can doubtless enjoy all the marriages of drama and literature at which we may choose to appear as wedding-guests. That triumphant day seems remote enough at the present writing; but until it dawns, the big public must work its will among our play-houses, and the big public (however crude and unlettered) is a tyrant no æsthetic rebellion can dethrone.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

New York City, Jan. 5, 1893.

COMMUNICATIONS.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION AND A STEP BEYOND.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As the educational systems of the present are, in the nature of things, unfitted to perform any large share of the educational work of the future, it follows that there must be changes in methods—or, rather, that there must be material additions to present methods—to keep pace with changes in the intellectual life of the people. The evolution of educational methods may be strikingly illustrated from the history of the great European

universities. A number of learned men, teaching in the same city, and drawn into association by their common pursuits and interests, found a corporation, and establish a system of rules and regulations for the government of that body of masters and pupils. The corporation is originally without university buildings, and has little if any other corporate property; and it is likely at any time to split apart into two or more factions and establish rival universities in the same city or in neighboring cities. In the course of several centuries these institutions have grown and developed, little by little, to great strength and influence in the world of thought. They are still progressing, and striving to meet the demands made upon them by the intellectual activities of the time. University Extension is the latest and most striking example of this progressive tendency. But University Extension, active as the movement is, may be but a preparation for the still broader and more general educational movement that is likely to follow—a movement that may take shape and growth in some such fashion as this:

A group of earnest and enthusiastic young men and women, unable, from various causes, to attend a University Extension course of lectures,—or, possibly, having attended one and thinking the instruction too infrequent or too desultory,—might conclude to form a local organization and employ a lecturer as a church employs a minister. This would be the "entering wedge." While the society was young the labors of the instructor would necessarily cover a broad field; but as the membership increased, assistant lecturers and specialists would be employed whose instruction would be thorough and comprehensive. Such an institution, once definitely and successfully established, would arouse a spirit of local pride; wealthy citizens would be ready to endow it, and to provide buildings, library, and laboratory appliances. The success of one such organization would cause the establishment of others in neighboring towns and villages. After a time a number of these lecturers in contiguous territory would naturally form an organization to discuss methods and to assist one another in meeting the demands of these growing schools; and this organization might have a supervisory relationship to the local societies. At times the lecturers would exchange appointments, as ministers do, and this might lead to periodical changes of instructors, under the direction of the supervisory organization; and, finally, there might grow up from these germs great central organizations for the education of the masses, and controlled by them, as the present great universities grew up from the association of teachers in the Middle Ages. Thus, substantial and enduring "mutual education" societies, for the people and by the people, may be the "step beyond" the work of the in many respects admirable, but very likely transitory, University Extension movement.

JAMES E. FOREMAN.

Chicago, Jan. 6, 1893.

"THE ICE AGE IN NORTH AMERICA."—A CLOSING WORD WITH THE REVIEWER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Much light is shed upon the relations between Professor Chamberlin and myself by the closing paragraph of his letter to me, which, on account of its length, he omitted to publish in full in your issue for the 1st inst. The paragraph reads as follows:

"What I have written I have written with very great re-

luctance, but I am impelled to be consistent with my conception of scientific and educational ethics and with the canons of practice which have withheld me from a popular utilization of work whose extent would probably justify me, if any one, in attempting to secure popular returns."

The following is Major Powell's permission to make use of facts which I had collected in connection with the Survey pending the publication of my report:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 27, 1888.

Mr. G. F. WRIGHT, Oberlin, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—Your request of the 24th inst. to be allowed to use in a forthcoming work on "The Ice Age in North America" some of the facts and illustrations collected by you while in the service of the Geological Survey, due credit to be given for such material, meets with the Director's approval.

By Order of the Director.

Very Respectfully,

JAMES C. PILLING, Chief Clerk.

Whether Professor Chamberlin was better fitted and had a better claim than myself to write of the facts treated in my "Ice Age of North America" is a question upon which there was a right to difference of opinion. For myself I did not feel that his invitation to me to do a limited amount of work in a limited field for the Survey justified him in attempting to frustrate my literary plans, and to shut me off from the use of the great body of facts collected at my own expense. Professor Chamberlin even yet scarcely does justice to the extent of those preparations, and draws unwarranted inferences from facts of which he is not fully cognizant. It is true I have been filling the duties of a theological professorship; but for several years past I have had five months of vacation annually, so that probably I have had as much leisure to prosecute investigations as Professor Chamberlin has had while meeting his manifold responsibilities as president of a great State university. One of the omitted passages in the letter quoted by Professor Chamberlin excuses long delay in replying to two letters by citing the burdens of his university duties. Neither in Pennsylvania nor farther west does the bare official statement of the day's work for which I received compensation tell the whole story.

It may be remarked, also, that it is not safe to judge the extent of one's work over a problem by the length of his report upon it. Very likely the briefness of the report may indicate fulness of knowledge. In the present case, one report was sent back to me because it went too much into particulars, and I was requested to digest the facts further, and write it over again.

As to the facts under discussion between myself and Professor Salisbury in New Jersey, I need say nothing in this connection, but calmly wait the full publication of the report of my field work.

I confess I fail to see any just occasion for the disturbance which has been created in Professor Chamberlin's mind; for I have not made him responsible for my views, but have squarely and honestly stated my differences with him on points of theory, and have endeavored carefully to draw the line between facts and theories, and have left the way open for him to reach the public in any manner he chooses.

It should be observed, also, that Professor Chamberlin himself has not neglected to reach the public by means of publication, but has been an ardent advocate of the theory that there has been more than one distinct glacial epoch—his first monograph, upon entering upon his duties in connection with the Survey, being

entitled "The Terminal Moraine of the Second Glacial Epoch." Since the publication of this monograph, however, other moraines have been found in Ohio, the earliest of which comes close down to my extreme boundary line. In the interests of truth it has therefore been especially fortunate that I have kept the other interpretation of the facts before the public. And, in the long run, if Professor Chamberlin is right in his views, he will have more scope for literary work than there would have been if I had not prepared the way for him.

G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Oberlin, O., Jan. 3, 1893.

[THE DIAL is always willing to allow authors of books reviewed in its pages reasonable space for explanation or correction as to any matters of fact wherein they believe themselves to have been misunderstood or misrepresented; and the privilege of rejoinder as obviously belongs to the reviewer. Such discussions, however, in the nature of things cannot be allowed to become protracted; and in the present case, the author having had two communications and the reviewer one, it seems best to close the discussion at this point. In doing so, it is due the reviewer to say that the review was requested by us, and that the above statement should be judged in the light of the preceding ones.—EDRS.]

A LITERARY PHASE OF THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading the census statistics of the native and foreign-born population in the several States in 1890, the contention of a writer in "The Forum" of January, 1893, came to mind. This writer believes that the literary decay of New England has been largely due to the great influx of foreigners in recent years. Furthermore, that no considerable literary product of the highest excellence can possibly be obtained from a polyglot people.

If these opinions be sound, the following facts are of literary significance:

Considering the resident negroes as natives, the foreign-born population of the South Central and South Atlantic States in 1890 was less than 31-4 per cent of the native-born, and had been *decreasing* since 1870; while in the North Central and North Atlantic States the foreign-born population formed 22 and 24 per cent, respectively, of the native-born, and had been *increasing* since 1870. On the same basis the far-Western States showed 34 per cent of foreign-born in 1890, and even this ratio was less than in 1870.

Keeping in mind the negro element in the South, does this comparative homogeneity of the Southern people and the growing stability of their social life sufficiently account for the recent activity of the South in the literary field? Again, under existing conditions concerning immigration, may this literary activity, relative to that of the North, be expected to increase in the immediate future? Finally, should all immigration to this country, except from Teutonic or possibly from English-speaking peoples, be entirely prohibited for a period of years, would there be an unmistakable literary gain to the United States?

HENRY W. THURSTON.

La Grange, Ill., Jan. 5, 1893.

The New Books.

MEMOIRS OF A "SPORTING PARSON."*

A hint of clericism in the title of "The Memoirs of Dean Hole" need not deter the layman or unkindly constrict his purse-strings, for the work is an amusing one. The memory of the jovial Dean of Rochester would seem to have been singularly unretentive of things strictly "churchly" and professional"; for from beginning to end of his book there is scarcely a trace of what may be termed, we hope without irreverence, clerical "shop." Addressing the general public, the Dean has, figuratively speaking, laid aside his decanal cocked hat and gaiters for the occasion; and he showers upon us puns, *bonmots*, stories of authors, painters, cricketers, hunters, gamblers even, in a way that may perhaps smack of levity to his austerer brethren. Someone has observed, with unusual penetration, that gravity is oftener linked with stupidity than with wisdom, and that the owl is, despite his reputation to the contrary, the dumbest of birds. It might, perhaps, have been added that the bray of a donkey is of all earthly sounds the most persistently solemn and mirthless. Tacitly recognizing these general truths, and seeing no reason why the cakes and ale should all go to the laity, Dean Hole has given us a book that is—like his life—both merry and wise. His stories are mostly capital, his puns not always criminal, and his general comments on men and things are often shrewd and penetrating. The book is sweetened throughout with the kindest humor and tolerance, and the writer's reminiscences of those with whom he has been most intimate, of genial John Leech for instance, are lit with sympathy which animates his style, and are not without the finer touches and shadings of verbal portraiture.

Inferring from premises furnished by himself, we judge Dean Hole to have been (in a mild and blameless way) what his countrymen style a "sporting parson"—a plant indigenous, we think, to English soil, and seldom thriving or coming to maturity elsewhere. A "sporting parson" would scarcely flourish in New England, for instance; and it is a question if the engrafting of the English shoot on the less genial varieties of that nipping clime might not prove in some sort beneficial—say in the way of sweetening the fruit. There is, too, in

all congregations a class of sinners to whom a hunting parson, a shooting, riding, cricketing, whist-playing, and generally jovial and athletic parson, will prove more cogent than a shepherd of mortified mien and habit. Profound spiritual changes have been wrought through the summary thrashing of a stubborn parishioner by a muscular pastor; and an obduracy proof against the corrosives of a John Knox may possibly melt in the sunshine of a Parson Adams.

The fact that the "sporting parson" is by no means a *rara avis* in England may be readily accounted for. Briefly, it is because a considerable portion of the established clergy take orders primarily with the view of securing a settlement in life, a berth socially advantageous and offering a reasonable chance of preferment. The proportion of those in the Church of England who assume the sacred office because they feel themselves spiritually "called" to it, is confessedly less than in the dissenting bodies. The three establishments, the Church, the Army, and the Navy, afford, so to speak, a system of relief for the younger sons of good families; and the new-fledged Oxonian or Cantab is often hastily "pitchforked" into one or the other vocation without the faintest inquisition into his personal likes or endowments. A vague paternal desire of seeing a son "wag his paw in a pulpit," or a maternal leaning in the direction of a scarlet coat with green facings, may turn the scale. Hence, there often arises a curious phenomenon. The brawny graduate, whose university career has been largely a tale of foot-ball and cricket-matches, boat-races, "wines," and rows with the townspeople, subsides into a curacy; while the mild-mannered youth whose most tempestuous moods have found vent in tea and croquet, is sent by his country to face the embattled shillalehs in Ireland. But the Ethiopian does not entirely change his skin, nor the curate his spots; and we need scarcely add that from the youth of sporting proclivities who finds himself landed, *nolens volens*, in a curacy, is evolved the "sporting parson." The general excellence and efficiency of the national bodies, thus (in many cases) so oddly recruited, is a striking example of the way in which things naturally disparate often finally settle and adapt themselves.

The author has arranged his topics in alphabetical order. Beginning with his memories of Archers, he runs the gamut, through Artists, Authors, Cricketers, Ecclesiastics, Gamblers, Gardeners, Hunters, Shooters, Oxonians, Preachers, and Working-Men. In the divis-

*THE MEMOIRS OF DEAN HOLE. With portrait. New York: Macmillan & Co.

ion on Artists a good deal of space is given to John Leech, who seems to have been, of all his friends, truly his *dulce decus*.

"As to his appearance, it might be said of him, as Sterne said of Uncle Toby, that 'Nature had written Gentleman, with so fair a hand, on every line of his countenance,' and that, as Lord Peterborough said of Fénelon, he was 'cast in a particular mould, never used for anybody else.' . . . He was tall, but slight in figure, with a high broad forehead, large blue-grey Irish eyes, and a face full of expression. . . . He was modest in his demeanor, and silent as a rule, as one who, though he was not working, was constrained to think about his work—but when Leech spoke, he spoke well, and when he was with those whom he loved, no one was merrier than he. He dressed tastefully but quietly, like a gentleman, and was one of those who believe that cleanliness is next to godliness."

Appropos of Leech's cleanliness, the author relates that some years ago, while he was writing letters in the morning-room of a great house where he was visiting, he overheard one of two fine ladies inquire of the other, "Do you care, dear, for artists, and authors, and that sort of people?" "No, dear, I can't say I do," was the answer, "they're so dirty." The Dean ventured to suggest the names of individuals, distinguished in art and literature, who were evidently as fond of ablutions as the *haute noblesse*; but his statements were met with polite, though unshaken, incredulity.

Speaking of Leech's art, the author observes, not perhaps unjustly:

"No one knows what John Leech could do, no one has seen the supreme perfection of his art, who has not been privileged to admire his drawings when they were finished on the wood for the engraver. There was an exquisite delicacy of touch, which, even by such accomplished artificers as Mr. Swain, could never be reproduced in their integrity."

Leech sometimes took a gloomy view of his situation, affirming that he was wasting his time and talents on unworthy subjects, playing in some sort the buffoon when nature had fitted him for a better part; and he quoted gloomily the opinion that prevailed in the time of Pliny, "*Nulla gloria artificum est, nisi eorum qui tabulas pinxere*" (none but the painter of a great picture can be a great artist). It was necessary on these occasions, says our author, to deal with him very firmly; and to the indignant expostulations of other friends was joined the generous assurance of Mr. Millais that his work gave more pleasure to his fellow-men than all the pictures which were hung up in galleries and in rich men's homes, and were therefore comparatively unseen.

In many points John Leech was a right descendant of Hogarth; but in his hands the

scorpion lash became a rod of roses, and the biting satire of the elder moralist was sweetened into humor. Hogarth painted vice hideous, and he is therefore vastly the more effective preacher of virtue. A heart of gnarled and knotted English oak, the broader sentiment, "pardon's the word to all," finds no echo in his work. His arrow, feathered with relentless purpose, flies to the centre. His eyes were fixed steadily upon the ugliness of vice—not upon its pathos; and he seems to have felt the bitter truth that to teach the lesson of forbearance, to throw the mantle of charity, the glamor of sentiment, over the evil-doer, often verges dangerously upon palliating the fault. May we not, without irreverence, say that the Scriptural story of the fallen woman, beautiful and effectual as it is in its larger import, is tinged with a poetry that perilously obscures the hard, useful moral pointed in that "o'er true tale," "The Harlot's Progress"?

John Leech would seem to have had a genius for friendships. It was the stimulus of his kindly presence that revived for a moment the flagging wit of dying Tom Hood—the Garriek among authors, touching with equal power the source of laughter or of tears. Leech had been summoned to the poet's bedside shortly before his death, and found him weak and emaciated in body, but with the embers of the old spirit still glowing within. "Ah, Leech," he sighed, pointing to some plasters which the doctor had put on his chest, "so much mustard and so very little beef!" Thackeray, when asked by one of his daughters "which of his friends he loved best," replied after brief consideration, "John Leech"; and so when our author met the novelist, at a dinner at Leech's house, "he arrived in high good humor, and with a bright smile on his face."

"I was introduced by our host, and for his sake he gave me a cordial greeting. 'We must be about the same height' he said; 'we'll measure.' And when, as we stood *dos-a-dos*, and the bystanders gave their verdict, 'a dead heat' (the length was six feet three inches), and I had meekly suggested 'that though there might be no difference in the size of the cases, his contained a Stradivarius, and mine a dancing-master's kit,' we proceeded to talk of giants. He told me of a visit which he paid with Mr. Higgins, 'Jacob Omnium,' who was four or five inches the taller of the two, to see a Brobdingnagian on show, and how the man at the door had inquired 'whether they were in the business, because if so, no charge would be made.' . . . As we were conversing, Leech's boy entered the room, and was immediately welcomed by Thackeray with, 'Come here, my young friend. You're my godson. Come here, and be tipped.'"

Thackeray, unlike Leech, was a ready and

a willing talker, a master of verbal fence with whom it was perilous to measure swords, and whose motto was "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" Sometimes there was a combination to chaff him, but the plotters seem to have been usually "hoist with their own petard." There was, however, one member of the Garrick (perhaps invulnerable because insensible) the shafts of whose easy raillery seemed to irritate Thackeray, and who, conscious of his power, buzzed about his victim with a sort of gadfly persistency.

"One night in the smoke-room, Thackeray was in the middle of a most interesting story, when his enemy suddenly entered. To everyone's surprise, Thackeray hesitated and stopped, on which his persecutor, assuming an air of the most gracious patronage, blandly encouraged him with, 'Proceed, sweet warbler; thy story interests me.'"

At the close of his interesting chapter on Dickens, Dean Hole (forgetting that the dead lion is the prescriptive target of a certain order of hoofs) waxes finely satirical over the great man's detractors, and, for once, narrowly misses losing his temper.

"A critical autocrat recently informed me that 'Charles Dickens was going out of fashion'; whereupon I inquired, as one profoundly impressed, and gasping for more information, whether he thought Shakespeare would be *à la mode* this season, and what he considered the newest and sweetest thing in the *monde* of intellect?"

That the product of genius, in itself unique and incomparable, and *hors concours* for very much the same reason that you cannot hit a nominative case with a stick, should go "out of fashion" (like a bonnet) was plainly a thesis beyond the reach of the decanal intellect; and we confess that our own is not up to it.

Of the several authors of note whom it was his privilege to know, there is none of whom the Dean speaks with more affectionate regard than Dr. John Brown, who wrote that most pathetic of tributes to canine worth, "Rab and his Friends." Touching the Doctor's religious views — and, specifically, his opinion of the soporific quality of the doctrinal sermon — our author observes:

"Not that he faltered in his faith, because he knew that the best of Christians may be overcome by an exposition of sleep, when lulled by a monotonous drawl, numbed by a frigid dullness, dazed by insoluble problems, or exhausted by vain repetitions."

John Brown, like Dickens, is associated with Chatham. He was there in the cholera time of 1832, and used to tell a dramatic story which illustrates what a serious thing it is sometimes to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want one.

"One morning a sailor came to say he must go three miles down the river to a village where the disease had broken out with great fury. They rowed in silence down the dark stream, passing the huge hulks, which were then on the Medway, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds and their chains. The men rowed with all their might in silence; they had too many dying or dead at home to have any heart for conversation. As they neared the place, the young surgeon saw a crowd of men and women on the landing. They were all shouting for him — the shrill cries of the women and the deep voices of the men coming to him over the water. As the boat drew near the shore, an elderly but powerful man forced his way through the crowd, plunged into the sea, seized John Brown, and carried him ashore. Then grasping him with his left hand, and thrusting aside with his right fist all that opposed his progress, he hurried him with an irresistible force to a cottage near. It was 'Big Joe' in his fierce determination that the doctor's first patient should be his grandson, 'Little Joe,' convulsed with cholera. The boy got better, but 'Big Joe' died that night. The disease was on him when he carried the doctor from the boat, and when his wonderful love for the child, supreme over all else, had fulfilled its purpose, he collapsed and died."

The several chapters under the head of "Ecclesiastics" are rich in stories, mostly illustrative of the humors of clerical life. Bishop Jackson, so much esteemed for his sermons when rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, told a characteristic one of the "Iron Duke." He (the Bishop) was much perplexed one morning, when preaching in the Chapel Royal of St. James's, by the conduct of a verger, who, opening the door of the pulpit, just at the close of the sermon, suddenly shut it again with all his force, and with a bang that resounded through the building. "I looked at him for an explanation," said the Bishop, "and he informed me in a whisper that his Grace the Duke of Wellington was asleep, and that, not liking to touch him, they always adopted this method of rousing him from his slumbers." The Duke, adds Dean Hole, left behind him some memorable sentences which "we ecclesiastics should quote continually to those who revere his memory and confide in his common sense." He said to one who pushed aside a poor man who was going up before him to the altar, bidding him "make way for his Grace the Duke of Wellington," "Not so — we are all equal here." And a young clergyman who was speaking in disparagement of foreign missions was promptly met by the soldierly rebuke, "Sir, you forget your marching orders, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

Several of Dean Hole's "good things" are drawn from America, and one of these, a de-

lightful story of Indian sagacity which we do not remember to have seen before, is well worth citing. A pious fraud, hoping to revive those halcyon days when skins, lands, and other valuables might be had for a pocket-mirror or a handful of beads, was trying to impress a tribe of Indians with the fact that he had led such an unblemished life that he should not even know how to cheat. "The winds of sixty winters," he pathetically said, "have passed over my head and left this snow upon it, but never from my childhood have I done a dishonest deed." Then, after a pause, the chief arose and answered, "The winds of sixty winters have likewise turned the little hair I have to gray, *but they have not blown out my brains.*"

The Sunday School has been from time immemorial a fruitful source of quaint Joe Millerisms, and the author has drawn upon it pretty freely. All his stories under this head, however, pale their ineffectual fires before the one of the too eager boy who, when asked by the Dean what proof we had of St. Peter's repentance, promptly staggered his questioner by replying, "Please, sir, he crowed three times."

Passing from the school to the parish, the author relates a curious instance of the rough way in which rough men sometimes show their gratitude. A clerical friend, located in Lancashire among the miners, received one night a visit from one of his subterranean flock, who, after peering cautiously round to see that there were no listeners, whispered with an air of grave, mysterious importance: "Mestur Whitworth, you've been very kind to my ould girl, when she wor sick so long abed, and I want to do yer a good turn, and I *can* do yer a good turn. There's going to be the gradliest dog-fight in this place to-morrow, and I can get yer *inter th' inner ring!*" The offer was meant in good part, and had "Mestur Whitworth" attended the canine debate in full canonicals, it would have seemed perfectly proper and conventional to the "ould girl's" proprietor. Another singular expression of gratitude was told the author by an Oxford friend who had a living in Worcestershire. He was visiting his parishioners when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she'd gone through a sight of trouble. Her sister was dead, and there wor a worse job than that; the pig died all of a sudden, but it pleased the Lord to tak' 'im, and they mun bow, they mun bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up and said, "But there's one thing,

Mestur Allen, as I can say, and ought to say: the Lord's been pratty well on my side this winter for greens!" "Some may be surprised," adds the Dean, "to hear that this woman meant to be, and was, sincerely religious."

We shall finish our poachings from Dean Hole's well-stocked preserves with the following specimen of demagogic oratory overheard by his son in the park:

"My brothers, the trumpet of war is sounding through the land. Heven the village 'Ampton is hup in harms, and the worm which 'as been writhing for centuries under the 'eel of the landlord is shouting for the battle. Listen, my friends, and I'll tell you what poor 'Odge is adoing to deliver himself from the oppressor. One Sunday he ventured to take a walk in my lord's park, a-thinking that as it contained twenty thousand acres it might, perhaps, be big enough for both, and hup comes the noble-hearted peer, a-blustering and a-blowing, and he bellows out at poor 'Odge, 'Now, feller, what are you adoing, a-trespassing on my land?' and 'Odge answers, 'Who guv you this land?' and my lord, he says, 'My faythur guv me the land.' And 'Odge he says, 'And who guv your faythur the land?' And my lord he says, 'My grandfaythur guv my faythur the land!' 'And who guv it your grandfaythur?' says 'Odge. 'You himpudent snob,' says the 'orty peer, 'it has been hours ever since the Conquest. We fought for it and the King guv it to us.' 'Ho,' says 'Odge, 'you fought for it, did you?—and we mean to fight for, and we mean to have it'; and then he walks up to his lordship and snaps his fingers close to his noble nose, and finishes with, 'We don't care that for Kings!' And this is what we must do, my brothers. We must fight for the land," etc.

Just how society at large was to be benefited by the eviction of the "orty peer" in favor of "Odge" does not seem to have been explained by the speaker.

Before taking leave of this cheery book a word of praise must be added for its externals—not forgetting to include the author's portrait, which smiles a cordial invitation from the frontispiece.

E. G. J.

FRANCE IN NORTH AMERICA.*

Forty-five years ago Francis Parkman began to collect material for his series of historical narratives entitled "France and England in North America," lately completed by the publication of "A Half Century of Conflict." The seventy folios of manuscript thus gathered by him, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, sufficiently attest the magnitude of his undertaking. The difficul-

* A HALF CENTURY OF CONFLICT. By Francis Parkman. Part VI. of "France and England in North America." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

ties of its accomplishment have been greatly increased by Mr. Parkman's long continued ill-health, and by a condition of eyesight that for years prevented him from either reading or writing. When we consider the obstacles overcome, the labor performed, and the exceeding merit of the work produced, we must rank the authorship of this magnificent series of histories among the great literary achievements of our century.

In 1865 appeared the first volume, which portrayed "The Pioneers of France in the New World," and vividly recalled the days of Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain. It was followed at intervals during the next twelve years by "The Jesuits in North America," whose noble deeds were nobly told; "The Discovery of the Great West," wherein La Salle was the hero; "The Old Regime in Canada," a masterly explanation of the failure of French colonization; and by "Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," which reproduced to the life the romantic and thrilling times of which it was the story. These brought the general narrative to the beginning of the period covered by the work now published. But here failing health led the author to depart from the chronological order and to devote himself to his closing volume, which issued from the press in 1884, under the names of the famous commanders, "Montcalm and Wolfe," and magnificently summed up the long conflict which ended with them. For a time it seemed that the gap in the series would never be closed, and that

"The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

But, very fortunately for history and its lovers, this great writer's health and strength have been spared to give to the world the present book, which fills the interval between "Count Frontenac" and "Montcalm and Wolfe," and completes a continuous history of the efforts of France to occupy and control this continent.

It relates events occurring in the New World during the first part of the eighteenth century, down to the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748. It is well entitled "A Half Century of Conflict," since the fifty years which are its theme were those of almost constant warfare among the French, the English, and the natives. Its field is a wide one, extending from Cape Breton Island to the Big-horn peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and from the mouth of the Mississippi to the forks of the River Saskatchewan.

Its scenes shift rapidly from the Western wilds to the shores of the Atlantic, and display in quick succession explorations, discoveries, the founding of towns, the building of posts, border combats, Indian raids, sea fights, and sieges of fortresses. But these all serve the purpose of the book, which is to illustrate "the singularly contrasted characters and methods of the rival claimants to North America." The execution of this purpose affords an analysis of the causes and effects of the events of this stormy half-century which makes its history very clear. We realize that "the influence of that gorgeous monarch Louis XIV. still shapes the life of nations," and that momentous consequences to America as well as to Europe resulted from his actions. We see the bold planning of the French and Canadian officials to conquer all of North America, their seizure of the gateways of the Northwest, and the establishment of their chain of posts from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. We follow the story of Queen Anne's War as it affected the infant settlements of New England, and witness the stealthy march of the war parties of French and Indians through the forests, their bloody surprises of Deerfield and Haverhill, and the hapless captives on their weary winter journey to Canada. The occupation by France of the Lower Mississippi is well described, with its influence upon the future of French America, as well as the bold explorations which from this base of supplies were carried far to the North and West and give such romance and interest to our early annals. In one of these, the brothers Mallet, following the Platte River and crossing the plains, reached Santa Fé in 1740; and in another the brothers Vérendrye discovered the Rocky Mountains, more than sixty years before they were seen by Lewis and Clark.

Toward the end of the half-century we learn of the preparations of the New England colonists to retaliate upon their tormenting foes, and of their almost miraculous success in capturing the massive ramparts of Louisburg. Their lack of military skill and of siege equipments seems to have been compensated for in part by their religious fervor, which led them to believe that they were doing the work of God; and, our author says, "The descendant of the Puritans was never so well pleased as when teaching their duty to other people, whether by pen, voice, or bombshells." But never since the walls of Jericho fell did such a triumph result from such seemingly inadequate means. Well

might Parson Moody, the chaplain of the expedition, at the dinner given to celebrate this famous victory, omit his usually lengthy grace, and only say, "Good Lord! we have so much to thank Thee for that time will be too short, and we must leave it for eternity. Bless our food and fellowship upon this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord, Amen!"

These were mostly years of Indian warfare; and of such combats one was especially memorable. "Lovewell's fight," as Dr. Palfrey observes, was long as famous in New England as Chevy Chase on the Scottish border. The obstinate and deadly bush-fight between thirty-four whites and twice their number of red men, which lasted all night on the shore of what is now known as Lovewell's Pond, from which only nine of the sturdy Massachusetts yeomen, who had gone into the wilderness "to kill and destroy their enemy Indians," came out unhurt, thrilled the colonial heart. It did not fail of commemoration in song, and one of the ballads to which it gave rise shows that even the chaplain of the settlers' party was a mighty man of battle, as one verse runs as follows:

"Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die;
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Fry,

Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew."

Another phase of the subject is the struggle of the French with "the firebrands of the West," the Outagamies, or Fox Indians. They were at feud with the Illinois tribes; and the contests between the two at "Starved Rock," and the expeditions sent to exterminate the Foxes from the Illinois forts and the Chicago Portage, give a lurid interest to the annals of the Illinois country in that early day. Very noticeable also is the too brief account of the establishment of the French within the limits of the present state of Illinois, the founding of the ancient towns of Cahokia and Kaskaskia, and the building and re-building of Fort Chartres, "one of the chief links in the chain of military communication between Canada and Louisiana." An early allusion to Chicago comes to light in a curious way. The occupation of Detroit by the French aroused the jealousy of the Five Nations, with whose claims of sovereignty and control of the fur trade it interfered. They were persuaded by the English authorities at Albany to convey the disputed territory to the King of England, the better to protect their rights; and accordingly the Iroquois sachems, on July 19, 1701, af-

fixed their totems to a deed "unto our sovereign Lord King William the Third" of the whole country from Lake Ontario northward to Lake Superior and westward as far as "a place called Quadoge," which the atlases of the last century locate at the head of Lake Michigan and make one of the names of Chicago.

These are but a few of the salient points in this remarkable sketch of a period of fifty years. The research necessary to ascertain the facts is equalled only by the skill with which they are set forth. Incidental to the story are many descriptions in the style of which Mr. Parkman is such a master and which adds such a charm to his narrative. We come upon them, sometimes unexpectedly, in the midst of tales of blood and sorrow; as when he pauses in the prelude to Lovewell's fight to speak of "the River Saco, which springs out of the heart of the White Mountains, fed by the bright cascades that leap from the crags of Mount Webster, brawling among rocks and boulders down the great defile of the Crawford Notch, winding through the forests and intervals of Conway, then circling northward by the village of Fryeburg, in devious wanderings by meadows, woods, and mountains, and at last turning eastward and southward to join the sea." There are many such gems in the setting of the picture, and the picture is the work of a master. No one else could so clearly depict and so profoundly interpret the meaning of the subject he has chosen. It is sufficient to say of this work that it is worthy of those from the same hand which have preceded it.

EDWARD G. MASON.

THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

In the fascinating book entitled "The Youth of Frederick the Great," we have set before us, by one who is a recognized master of both history and the art of presenting it, the making of one of the most influential makers of modern history. Only last year the publication of his "General View of the Political History of Europe" gave to readers of English an opportunity to admire the skill and philosophic insight of Professor Lavisse, shown in treating that great subject within one hundred and seventy-two small pages. We see here equal

*THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Ernest Lavisse, Professor at the Sorbonne, Paris. Translated from the French, by Mary Bushnell Coleman. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

skill and insight shown in the story of the life and training of a young man during the period of his minority, for the book closes with Frederick's marriage at the age of twenty-one.

Yet this story of family life in its minutest details is far more than this. So absolutely was the government but the will or the caprice of the King, that this family life was the centre, almost the whole, of the public life of the Prussian nation. Far as Frederick William was from being a Louis XIV., his fundamental idea of government was modelled after that of the great French monarch who left the stage as he entered upon it. The present Emperor said what he knew to be false, when he wrote his sentiment a short time ago, "The King's will is the supreme law." He may wish it were so, but in his heart he knows that the last hundred years have made this but an empty phrase. But a century and a half ago, it was a stern truth, and no one was so bold as to question it. This is graphically shown by the book before us. Never was France under a Louis, or Russia under a Peter, more absolutely in the hands of one man than Prussia was during the eighteenth century.

But it was not a bad thing for Prussia that her king's will was the controlling force when she had such kings as Frederick William and his great son. The father was a military monomaniac; yet he had such sound practical sense, such administrative ability, he laid the burden with such skill and developed such strength in the poor little country to bear it, that he speedily became a power of whom intriguing monarchs had to take account in their plans. But this was not enough to create modern Prussia. Had Frederick William been followed by only an ordinary man, or by another such man as himself, the opportunity could not have been seized, and Prussia would have remained in her insignificance. It needed the genius and the utter absence of morality that characterized Frederick the Great to change promise into potency. Yet, without the foundation work of the father, the son would have lacked the perfect instrument that enabled him to raise Prussia to her position of power and influence, and thus furnish a centre about which Germany could crystallize.

The merit of Professor Lavis's work is that it gives us most vivid portraits of the father and the son, and of the Queen and the daughter Wilhelmina. These four stand out with perfect distinctness. Their very hearts are revealed. He has not given us the product

of imagination, except as it has fused the vast mass of material that the historian's research has accumulated. It is not imagination of the poet or the historical novelist, but that too rare faculty indispensable to the best historical work, that differentiates this from the dry, confused materials for history that so often go under its name.

There are six chapters in the present work, treating respectively of Childhood, the Father, the Conflict between Father and Son, the Attempt at Escape and the Punishment, the Second Education of the Crown Prince, and his Marriage. With this last he is emancipated from his father's tyranny, and retires to wait impatiently for his father's death and his own opportunity. More utter lack of sympathy, greater involuntary antipathy, than that between this father and son, could hardly be.

"They were conscious only of their dissimilarities. Except in rare moments when they caught a glimpse of the justice they owed each to the other, they hated and despised each other. The son desired the death of his father; the father promised a munificent reward to the messenger who would bring him news of the death of his son. Neither knew the value of the other, nor that they worked, each in his own way, the one as necessary as the other, to 'decide,' as Frederick would say, the uncertainty of the birth of Prussia."

While Professor Lavis cannot help showing the antipathy of the Frenchman to the coarse vulgarity of the Prussian Court, and while national and race feeling may color some descriptions and give a slightly sharper sting to his satire, one cannot resist the conviction that the narrative is candid and that the characters are truly drawn. There is no hero-worship like that of Carlyle, to blind him to the faults of these great rulers. Yet he has written sympathetically, and brings out the good qualities of his subjects.

Rarely has a well-meaning man been able to make his home life more of a hell on earth than the coarse-grained tyrant who was the father of Frederick and Wilhelmina. It is not difficult to account in a measure for the heartlessness and duplicity and lack of morality of the great Frederick, by the suffering inflicted upon the delicate, sensitive youth through the father's endeavor to make the son like himself. The poetry and music and beauty that charmed the son enraged the father, not only in itself, but because it was the sign to him of an utter unfitness to carry on the work that the father had begun. If only the father had known that the son was under all this another and far greater Frederick William, able

to carry on that work to a success that the father never dreamed of, what misery of son and daughter and wife, and of the King himself, would have been spared! What a training in duplicity and hard-heartedness would have been avoided!

"The resemblance to his father that he concealed and denied, appears when he becomes master. Frederick William is represented in Frederick II., but Frederick II. has the genius which was lacking in the father, and we have perceived the first rapid, short flashes of it. He has intelligence and a taste for letters and the problems of philosophy. The 'Muses' charm and console him, and make him think and speak of life like an ancient sage; they contribute to the strength of his mind. We have found in this young man a combination of epicurean and stoic which will again be discovered in the King, and this, together with his genius, his virtues as a prince, his defects and vices, his contempt for all law, the cynicism of his perfidy, the sensibility of a humanitarian and yet the inhumanity indispensable to leaders of men, all coming from the head, not the heart, will unite to form the Great Frederick."

We welcome the author's promise of an early continuation of this valuable work.

CHARLES H. COOPER.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ADMIRAL.*

Captain Mahan's *Life of Admiral Farragut* is a valuable addition to the biography of the men whose careers are of historical importance. It is written by a naval officer who is a seaman of large experience, who served in Farragut's squadron during the war, and therefore is enabled to present the most appreciative account of that remarkable man that has yet been given to the public.

This book differs from the former biography of the Great Admiral, written by his son, in being much smaller and more brief; yet it gives a more vivid impression of the man, brings out more clearly the causes of his success, and shows plainly that what he accomplished was the legitimate result of a life of careful preparation rather than of accident or a favorable combination of conditions. The story is told in a plain, sailor-like way, without any attempt at fine writing, and is entirely free from the superlatives so common in biography and in nautical fiction. The book is well adapted to popular use, as it is of moderate size and price. Yet it will be valued also by the most critical readers, as its own text dem-

onstrates that it was written by a master of the subject of which it treats, and it tells the story of a nautical hero as only a sailor can tell it. To the officers of the Navy especially this will be a most welcome book, as it gives with professional conciseness and force the story of the life of the purest and best commander that ever served his country afloat.

In the former biography of Farragut, his correspondence was given at great length; in Captain Mahan's book, only the material portions of letters are used, or a few significant sentences are quoted where they illustrate the idea the author is presenting. The story begins with the early life of Farragut, and we see him, while yet a mere lad, serving as midshipman under the elder Porter in the cruise in the Pacific.* He shows how much above the ordinary routine naval officer Farragut was. Many do their duties faithfully,—stand their watch, and slip through life as easily as they can; but Farragut was ever on the alert,—absorbing everything that might by any chance contribute to his future efficiency. This became so much a matter of habit, that even during his last cruise to the European Squadron, after the war, whenever he entered a new port his first thoughts were concerning its capacity for defense and offense. His spare hours were devoted to profitable reading, always having in view the main object of preparing himself for any emergency the future might have in store for him. Thus, when the Rebellion occurred those who knew him at once recognized in Farragut the officer who was best fitted to undertake the delicate and difficult tasks that he was then ordered to perform. Captain Mahan brings out effectively the clear perception that Farragut had as to the essential principles of naval warfare, and his rare faculty for discerning the right course to follow amid a confusion of counsel and the perplexities of adverse conditions.

Especial emphasis is given to the unusual power that the Admiral had, during a naval movement, of discerning the vital points of the situation, of knowing whether the proper moment for action had arrived, and of moving with celerity in the most effective formation when

* In the account of Farragut's first experience in battle, while on the *Essex*, under Porter, when that ship was captured by the British ships "*Phoebe*" and "*Cherub*," under the command of Hillyer, at Valparaiso, the author brings out with greater clearness than was ever before shown the honorable forbearance which prevented Porter from capturing the "*Phoebe*" when she was in his power, and the unchivalrous advantage which Hillyer took to enable him to capture the "*Essex*."

* THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT. By Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States Navy; President of the United States Naval War College. ("Great Commanders" series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the time of action came. Some of Farragut's phrases in his conversation and in his orders were so characteristic that they deserve to be perpetuated; for example, "The best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns." Referring to his incredulous and calm way of receiving alarming reports of the doings and preparations of the Confederates, the Admiral's saying is quoted, "I mean to whip my enemy, or to be whipped, and not to be scared to death."

In the incidental comments on the unprepared condition of the Federal Government, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, the author writes: "Hesitation to risk their ships, and to take decisive action when seasonable opportunity offers, is the penalty paid by nations which practice undue economy in their preparation for war." This comment, which is the outgrowth of bitter experience, is as applicable to this nation now as it was in 1861.

HORATIO L. WAIT.

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.*

Mr. Benjamin W. Ball is a better poet than one would imagine from reading the rather foolish introduction contributed to his volume by Mr. Frederick F. Ayer. The latter tells us that Mr. Ball's poems "supply a much felt want for a poet in full step with the majestic march of modern thought in the progress of the sciences, and the development of a higher philosophy." We had always supposed this want to be fairly supplied by Lord Tennyson and others. Mr. Ball, who was born in 1823, published a small volume of poems as early as 1851, but they attracted slight attention, although Emerson is said to have been pleased with them. That he has been an industrious versifier during the subsequent forty years, this thick volume attests. Nearly half of Mr. Ball's poems are collected

* THE MERRIMAC RIVER, *Hellenics*, and Other Poems. By Benjamin W. Ball. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ROWEN: "Second Crop" Songs. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WINTER HOUR, and Other Poems. By Robert Underwood Johnson. New York: The Century Co.

SONGS OF SUNRISE LANDS. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

POEMS OF GUN AND ROD. By Ernest McGaffey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONGS ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH. By Anne Reeve Aldrich. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOME RHYMES OF IRONQUILL OF KANSAS. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

under the title "*Hellenics*," which is an unfortunate name, because it at once suggests the "*Hellenics*" of Landor, and comparison with their great English author must necessarily be unfavorable to any new-comer. These Greek poems include some translations, and more original compositions. They are written in a spirit of fine enthusiasm, and their execution, although rarely striking, rarely offends by falling far into commonplace. A few stanzas from the opening poem, "*Hellas*," may be given in illustration:

"Far up the vistas of the past she stands,
The glorious *Hellas*, mid her vine-clad isles.
The sword and epic lyre are in her hands,
Wherewith the tribes of men she still beguiles.

"Behind her, long-drawn serried columns gleam
Uplifting strength and beauty richly wrought,
While marble altars waft a fragrant steam
Of Orient myrrh from lands of morning brought.

"The volumed vapors roll in light away
O'er isle-sown sea and temple-crested shore,
While oread-haunted in her summer's ray,
Her thymy mountains tower forevermore."

How good Mr. Ball is as a translator is shown by his versions of Schiller, from which we take a stanza of "*Die Götter Griechenlands*":

"To old Deucalion's race descending
Enamored deities still came;
For mortal maid, his flocks while tending,
Apollo felt a lover's flame;
Alike round heroes, gods, and men
Love did his rosy bondage twine—
Mortals and gods and heroes then
All knelt at Amathusia's shrine."

Mr. Ball's miscellaneous pieces are very varied in theme. They include groups of translations from Horace and Heine, poems of New England landscape and foreign journeyings, poems about persons and about poets. They reflect the intense intellectual life of New England a generation ago, and abound in echoes of the books that were being read and the subjects that were under discussion. The lines to Spinoza are an excellent example of the author's manner:

"O pure as Christ, as deeply souled,
Whose life, an alder-shaded stream,
Hid from the broad day's garish beam,
In hush of thought unrummured rolled:

"Thou outcast of an outcast race!
From loyalty to truth no lure
Thy steps could turn,—its path obscure
Content with even tread to pace.

"With surer foot who could have scaled
The vulgar heights? Conformist—these
With loud acclaim and jubilee
Rabbles and rabbins would have hailed!

"With tardy recognition now
Memorial honors thee await—
There, where on earth thine humble fate
Thou didst accept with placid brow."

Enough has been given of Mr. Ball's verse to show that it is more than respectable, that it gives even and sustained expression to many moods of the intellectual life, and that it was well worth collecting in this permanent form.

Mr. Bunner's second book of verse is hardly as good as his first, although there is no lack of tenderness or of humor. Who but Mr. Bunner could have united those qualities as we find them united in these lines? —

"My love she leans from the window
After in a rosy land;
And red as a rose are her blushes,
And white as a rose her hand.

"And the roses cluster around her,
And mimic her tender grace;
And nothing but roses can blossom
Wherever she shows her face.

"I dwell in a land of winter,
From my love a world apart —
But the snow blooms over with roses
At the thought of her in my heart.

"This German style of poem
Is uncommonly popular now;
For the worst of us poets can do it —
Since Heine showed us how."

Of the verse in which humor is predominant, the rhymed epistle to Mr. Brander Matthews, *apropos* of the latter's volume of "Pen and Ink Sketches," is an excellent example, and yields us these lines for quotation:

"Give me the old-time ink, black, flowing, free,
And give, oh, give the old goose-quill to me —
The goose-quill, whispering of humility.
It whispers to the bard: 'Fly not too high!
You flap your wings — remember, so could I.
I cackled in my life-time, it is true;
But yet again remember, so do *You*.
And there were some things possible to me
That possible to you will never be.
I stood for hours on one columnar leg,
And, if my sex were such, could lay an egg.
Oh, well for you, if you could thus beget
Material for your morning omelette;
Or, if things came to such a desperate pass,
You could in calm contentment nibble grass!
Conceited bard! and can you sink to rest
Upon the feather-pillow of your breast?'"

Mr. Bunner's serious work includes some fine tributes to Grant and Sherman, as well as to the author's friends among men of letters.

There is a mellow ripeness about the poems of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson that reveals both the cultured mind of the scholar and the trained sympathies of the man of active life. The demands of the heart and of the intellect are met, with nice adjustment, by these fine lyrics, sonnets, and occasional verses. In contemplative mood, the poet sits by his fire-side in "The Winter Hour," and muses upon

the beauties of art, literature, and landscape, conjuring up such memories as these:

"Now we traverse holy ground
Where three miracles are found:
One of beauty — when with dyes
Of her own sunset Venice vies.
One of beauty and of power —
Rome, the crumbled Babel-Tower
Of centuries piled on centuries —
Scant refuge from oblivion's seas
That swept about her. And the third?
O heart, fly homeward like a bird,
And look, from Bellonguardo's goal,
Upon a city with a soul!
Who that has climbed that heavenly height
When all the west was gold with light,
And nightingales adown the slope
To listening Love were lending hope,
Till they by vesper bells were drowned,
As though by censers filled with sound —
Who — who would wish a worthier end
To every journey? or not blend
With those who reverently count
This their Transfiguration Mount?"

And then follows this exquisite song of "Love in Italy":

"They halted at the terrace wall;
Below, the towered city lay;
The valley in the moonlight's thrall
Was silent in a swoon of May.
As hand to hand spoke one soft word
Beneath the friendly ilex-tree,
They knew not, of the flame that stirred,
What part was Love, what Italy.

"They knew what makes the moon more bright
Where Beatrice and Juliet are, —
The sweeter perfume in the night,
The lovelier starlight in the star;
And more that glowing hour did prove,
Beneath the sheltering ilex-tree, —
That Italy transfigures Love,
As Love transfigures Italy."

These extracts illustrate Mr. Johnson's work from its subjective side. But his outlook is no less clear than his inward vision, although it finds less frequent expression. It appears distinctly in "A Wish for New France," with which we close this brief exposition of the volume's contents:

"For her no backward look
Into the bloody book
Of kings. Thrice-rescued land!
Her haunted graves bespeak
A nobler fate: to seek
In service of the world again the world's command.

"She, in whose skies of peace
Arise new auguries
To strengthen, cheer, and guide —
When nations in a horde
Draw the unhallowed sword,
O Memory, walk a warning spectre at her side!"

Mr. Scollard's "Songs of Sunrise Lands" are the fruit of a recent sojourn in Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, and are distinctly superior to the author's earlier work. His poetical instinct has grown deeper and surer,

and its grasp of a theme more firm. Musing in the Holy Land, he exclaims:

"Oh, is it strange I should forget
The world of turmoil and of fret;
For one sweet hour should play no part,
But be a Syrian to the heart!
Clasp idleness unto my breast,
And drain the very dregs of rest;
Know all the joy that Haroun knew,
And feel the power of Timur too!"

That he has merged himself into the scenes and subjects that form the substance of his poems, is a claim that the volume amply sustains. For, although it is styled a volume of songs, the objective element is more marked than the subjective, and a pictorial or narrative talent, rather than a lyrical one, is that chiefly displayed. The book is full of such pictures as this:

"Lo! in the sunset's heart one patriarch palm,
A silhouette upon the evening calm,
Catches the wandering eye that fain would rest
Upon the changing wonders of the west;
And while a bird uplifts a twilight psalm
Above his mate in her leaf-hidden nest,
We watch the black-edged frondage of the palm."

The fine opening poem of the desert wind, "Khamsin," is a minor masterpiece; the group of fourteen Egyptian sonnets—"A Sonnet of Sonnets"—offers workmanship of a very high character; while the Greek pieces sing of the Ægean, and the Acropolis, and the Salaminian Gulf, with a deep feeling for the glorious memories forever there enshrined, and with a quick sympathy that does not fail to arouse responsive echoes.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey's "Poems with Gun and Rod" is a book that will appeal to all lovers of out-door life.

"The out-door man, after all, is the one with heart,
For it cramps the body and soul to live in-doors;
In out-door land the spirit high as an eagle soars,"

may be taken as the text of Mr. McGaffey's volume. The author is a careful observer of nature, and has embodied many of her wilder aspects in his song. Nothing is too minute to be unworthy of record.

"Nay, then, for trifles rude as these
Shall Orpheus sweep the vibrant strings:
A squirrel's brush, a sumach bough,
A partridge, and a jay-bird's wings?"

Why not? we may well ask, when the strings are swept by so skilful a hand. The fidelity of Mr. McGaffey's observation, and the delicacy of his touch, are well illustrated by such a stanza as the following:

"Thick coverts in the island bogs,
With here and there dark shallow pools,
Where wriggling tadpoles swim in schools
Around the black, half-sunken logs;

And with its limbs like gaunt-hewn hands
A sycamore's huge, knotted trunk,
As some old, shorn, and wrinkled monk,
Solemnly in the silence stands."

Some of the poems give us more than close observation, blending with it a fine imaginative vision. Such verses as these upon the "Sumach" are equally admirable as poetry and as natural history:

"Coarse-grained and harsh the slender stalks
Of wayside sumach stand,
And each lithe branch uplifted seems
As some cup-bearer, tanned,
Who holds to Autumn's lips divine
A goblet of sun-tinted wine
With mute, adoring hand.

"And deeply to the very lees
The russet goddess drains
Those jewelled cups that erst were filled
From Summer's glowing veins—
Red draughts that hold the subtle sense
Of pungent sylvan frankincense
And misty later rains."

Almost every phase of the sportsman's experience in American woods and waters finds expression in these poems, and both sentiment and knowledge are alike adequate to convey the agrestic message. Many illustrations add to the charm of this acceptable volume.

The late Miss Aldrich, whose "Songs about Life, Love, and Death" are now published in a very pretty volume, was a poet of no little promise. This, as well as her earlier volume, gives evidence of an unusual talent for the carving of what we may call lyric cameos. Her lyre has two strings, rather than three, for its melodies of life are inextricably woven with those of death, and its chords and progressions are all in minor key. The following verses are called "The Meaning":

"I lost my life in losing love,
This blurred my Spring and killed its dove.
Along my path the dying roses
Fell, and disclosed the thorns thereof.

"I found my life in finding God,
In ecstasy I kiss the rod;
For who that wins the goal but lightly
Thinks of the thorns whereon he trod?"

This is strongly suggestive of Emily Dickinson, and the suggestion often recurs in turning Miss Aldrich's pages. The verses called "Criticism" may be taken as a sort of answer to certain undeservedly harsh comments made upon the poet's earlier work.

"She sang a song of death and battle,
Through which one heard the cannon roll.
They said, 'O wondrous gift of fancy,
The glorious dower of poet-soul!'

"She sang a song of love and passion—
Love's land, she sang, was very fair.
They said no more of wondrous fancy,
They said, 'She lays her own heart bare.'"

Many of Miss Aldrich's lyrics are songs of passion, but of a passion so spiritualized as to offer no mark for the jeers of the vulgar. Her talent was not unlike that of Miss Cora Fab-bri, and each of these writers suggests the other in the untimeliness of her recent death.

"Some Rhymes of Ironquill of Kansas" are certainly nothing more than rhymes, and they are not always that. The author sometimes attempts blank verse, and the product is like this:

"Into a frontier town of Kansas came
An aborigine, with moccasins and war paint;
And he bore the look — wan look — of the
Untutored savage. And there also came
A proud Caucasian, in boots and spurs and pistols
Clad — a rover, full of strange oaths, and
Bearded like his pard. He had a classic
Brow. In youth, at Yale, a stroke-oar he
Had been, and deemed a youth of power and culture
Rare. They, each to each a stranger,
Sought this Kansas village in pursuit
Of ardent spirits."

The following is a specimen of Ironquill's "rhymes":

"We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete —
First in Freedom, first in wheat;
And her future years will meet
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas."

"Richer" in one sense her stanzas are not likely to become. Neither Poet Peacock nor Poet Campbell has produced any more amusing doggerel than this. Ironquill is sometimes playful, and his effusions, when in this mood, are of the sort here illustrated:

"Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird-pup played;
And that foolish canine bayed
At that zephyr, in a gay
Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr, in about
Half a jiffy, took that pup,
Tipped him over, wrong side up;
Then it turned him wrong side out."

"And it calmly journeyed thence
With a barn and string of fence."

There is abundant "richness," too, in "The Washerwoman's Song":

"In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
'With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end.'

"I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end."

This inane bathos occupies the place of honor in Ironquill's volume. There are things in the book not quite so absurdly bad as those we have quoted, but nothing that was really worth writing. How such stuff ever found its way into a book is the darkest of mysteries. But perhaps it is some kind of a joke.

"Shall humanity to me,
Like my Kansas prairies, be
Echoless?"

asks Ironquill. Not, at least, as far as we are concerned. Verse is sometimes so preposterous as to be diverting, and Ironquill's verse seems well fitted to supply our serious article with a saving element of humor.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The best study
yet made of
Tennyson's work.*

MR. ARTHUR WAUGH'S "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Study of His Life and Work" (United States

Book Co.) is a better book than we should have thought it possible for anyone not having access to the biographical material in possession of Lord Tennyson's family to write. The final and authoritative life of the late Laureate, to be prepared by the present Lord Tennyson, will, of course, supersede all other works of the sort, but it is not likely to be given to the world for some time, and in the meanwhile we may be very well content with Mr. Waugh's admirable biography. It should be mentioned at once that Mr. Waugh's book is no hasty compilation, called into existence by the death of the poet, but the product of two years' careful work, just at the point of completion when its subject was taken from among the living. It is based mainly upon facts previously given to the public, but scattered among so many books, periodicals, and newspapers, that no little industry was requisite for bringing them together. We find in its pages hardly anything that is absolutely new, but many things upon which we should have found it difficult to place our hands. One anecdote, indeed, is entirely unfamiliar to us, and we give it in Mr. Waugh's own words: "About the time that 'The Princess' was engaging the attention of London, Tennyson left the city for a visit to the country. One morning, Mr. Coventry Patmore, then occupied at the British Museum, received a letter from his friend, saying that he had left, in the drawer of his lodging-house dressing-table, the entire and only manuscript of 'In Memoriam,' begging Patmore, moreover, to rescue it for him. Patmore hurried to the lodgings, to find the room in the possession of a new tenant, and the landlady very unwilling to have cupboards and drawers ransacked. It was not without much persuasion that Patmore was admitted to the room, where he found the manuscript

still untouched." Upon the biographical side of Mr. Waugh's book, we regret only that he should have repeated certain anecdotes of doubtful origin, reflecting upon the poet's courtesy in personal intercourse, and of the kind that may safely be left to newspapers of the ghoulish type, if indeed they did not there have their origin. The recent popular currency of such stories relating to Tennyson, and the similar (and perhaps more baseless) fabrications respecting the late Mr. Arnold, should solemnly warn a serious writer against offering the slightest encouragement to this manifestation of the journalistic spirit. "See what a little heart!" is a cry too frequently echoed by the newspapers when discussing the autopsy of a great man of letters. We do not quite like the author's remarks about the Eyre matter. We know that Tennyson, with Carlyle, Kingsley, and Ruskin, was a subscriber to the Eyre defence fund, but those who took the other view of that controversy are hardly to be described as "a religious and extremely ill-advised body of persons," or as collectively "ponderous and narrow-minded." Passion ran high upon that occasion, but there were two sides to the question. We cannot agree with the author in describing Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Goldwin Smith, and John Bright (who were all on the Jamaica Committee) as having been wholly ill-advised or actuated by religious narrow-mindedness. And Mr. Waugh is certainly unhappy, to say the least, when he quotes from a letter of Tennyson, dated 1891, *apropos* of the Jewish persecution in Russia, saying of the Czar: "I can hardly believe that he is fully aware of the barbarities perpetrated with his apparent sanction," and adds: "The spirit that was stirred into fire by the Eyre rebellion was still smouldering at Tennyson's heart." As a work of criticism, Mr. Waugh's book is so modest that its real excellence requires a little emphasis on the part of the reviewer. It is probably the most judicious and discriminating study of Tennyson's whole work that has yet been made, and it does, among other things, nearly adequate justice to the dramatic works. Finally, we must say that the book is dignified in its mechanical execution, as well as abundantly and beautifully illustrated.

*A popular history
of Early English
Literature.*

MR. STOPFORD A. BROOKE'S "History of Early English Literature" (Macmillan) embodies the fullest treatment that has yet been given this subject in any work of popular character. It covers only the period ending with the accession of Alfred the Great, when "literature, both Latin and English, had perished, after a career of two hundred years." The literature of this first period "begins in the older England over the sea," and, except for the Latin writings of Bede and a few others, is wholly a literature of poetry, and mainly a Northumbrian literature. This vernacular literature is comprised within the Exeter and Vercelli books, the epic of "Beowulf," the Caedmonian poems, and the two

fragments, "Waldhere" and "The Fight at Finnsburg." In the two centuries covered by Mr. Brooke's work, "our forefathers produced examples, and good examples for the time, of religious, narrative, elegiac, descriptive, and even, in some sort, of epic poetry. This is a fact of singular interest. There is nothing like it—at this early period—elsewhere in Europe." The author's method of treatment is to devote special chapters to the several monuments of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and other special chapters to such subjects as "The Conquest and Literature," "Christianity and Literature," "The Sea," and "Literature in Northumbria." By this double method, we are given both general and special views of the earliest age of English poetry. Many translations illustrate the historical and descriptive text, and their preparation has been a matter of much study. After some experiments in various measures, the author finally adopted an essentially trochaic movement, capable of considerable variety, in divided lines, preserving the alliteration as far as possible. Here is a characteristic specimen from the "Andreas":

"Snow did bind the earth
With the whirling winter flakes; and the weathers grew
Cold with savage scours of hail; while the sleet and frost—
Gangers gray of war were they—locked the granges up
Of the heroes, and folk-hamlets! Frozen hard were lands
With the chilly icicles; Shrunk the courage of the water,
O'er the running rivers ice upraised a bridge;
And the Sea-road shone."

The author presents his method of translation with quite unnecessary diffidence; it is, in its results, the most satisfactory with which we are acquainted. In fact, no other book exists in English from which a reader unacquainted with Anglo-Saxon may gain so vivid a sense of the literary quality of our earliest poetry. In other respects, also, the book is clearly superior to its predecessors in the same field. As no other such history, it keeps constantly before the mind the essential unity of all English literature. "Here, then, in the two hundred years between 670 and 870, the roots of English poetry, the roots of that vast over-shadowing tree, were set; and here its first branches clothed themselves with leaves. Here, like the oaks of Dodona, it began to discourse its music; and there is not a murmur now of song in all its immemorial boughs which does not echo from time to time with the themes and the passion of its first melodies." Mr. Brooke is the first writer who has realized this fact and given it adequate expression and illustration. His broad culture, moreover, and his wide acquaintance with the best things in other literatures than the English, have enabled him to illuminate his history with those side-lights of comparison and quotation which bring a special period into relations with the universal literary spirit. If he be spared to carry out his expressed intention of writing a history of the entire course of English poetry, we may confidently predict that the completed work will far surpass anything of the sort now existing, or likely to be produced by any other living writer.

The views of Darwin in the light of the latest researches.

UNDER the title of "Darwin and After Darwin" (Open Court Pub. Co.) Dr. Romanes proposes to give, in three volumes, a full account of the theories of Evolution in life, and of the discussions and discoveries which have followed the publication of the "Origin of Species." The first volume of this series has now appeared under the title of "The Darwinian Theory." The book is an admirable presentation of the views of Darwin in the light of the latest discoveries and inductions. The influence of Natural Selection in all its relations is freely discussed in a simple, lucid, and non-technical manner. The theories and conclusions of Darwin form the basis of the argument, while the illustrations are largely new. The volume has therefore a freshness unusual in elementary treatises of the kind. As an introduction to the study of Evolution, and as an exposition of the views of Darwin and his followers, this book can be commended as the best yet published. The volume gives also a pleasant relief from the discussions of the Neo-Darwinians and the Neo-Lamarckians. Mr. Romanes avoids, on the one hand, the extreme views of those writers who find in the Darwinian principle of Natural Selection almost the sole element in the formation of species, and, on the other hand, he is not one of those who assign to Natural Selection a secondary place or ignore it altogether. Many recent authors seem to forget that the Natural Selection of favorable variations is really the only wide-reaching element in organic Evolution, the existence of which admits of no question. We have no logical right to belittle it in the interest of supposed factors, the value or the existence of which is yet to be shown. As the smoke of this conflict blows away, it is evident that with the enormous increase of knowledge in many special lines, the situation in general remains unchanged. What we know of the process of Evolution is still in accord with what Darwin has taught us. So far as the scientific method is followed, we are still kept very close to the lines laid down by the master. The Evolution of the future will not be very far diverse from Darwinism.

Nine years of the daily life of General Washington.

MR. WORTHINGTON C. FORD is just completing for us his superb edition of the writings of Washington. Worthy to take a place on the shelves beside that monumental work is a single volume recently published by the Lippincott Co.—Mr. William S. Baker's "Itinerary of General Washington from June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783." Mr. Baker originally published the substance of this book in the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," and now republishes in a more accessible form, with large additions for the first three years. One may here follow the movements of the General of the Continental Army, almost day by day, for nearly nine years. The record is made up from Washington's letters, dispatches, and orderly book, from other contemporary letters and diaries, from

"Thacher's Military Journal," extracts from current newspapers, and from the Journal of Congress. The events, thus made into one continuous record, are very wisely allowed to speak for themselves, with only the minimum of occasional explanation needed to give the bearing of an excerpt. The work is admirably done by both editor and publishers, and the book is a necessity to all students of the War of the Revolution. As a frontispiece is given Charles Willson Peale's fine portrait of 1780. We cannot do better than quote a closing sentence from the editor's brief introductory note: "As day by day we follow Washington through the pages of the Itinerary, we become more and more impressed with the earnestness, steadfastness, and truthfulness of his character, and feel assured that to his high sense of duty, and almost sleepless vigilance, we are mainly indebted for the successful issue of the battle for freedom."

A new and valuable History of France from 1661 to 1723.

A VALUABLE book for the general reader is "France Under the Regency," by James B. Perkins (Houghton). More than half the volume is a preliminary "Review of the Administration of Louis XIV.," so that the narrative really covers the years from 1661 to 1723. There is no sketch in English that does the work so well for this period as the book under consideration. Mr. Perkins has consulted the documentary evidences, and has written an original piece of work. The most valuable portions of the book are the chapters on Colbert, The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and The Mississippi Company. Mr. Perkins attempts the whitewashing process for both Louis XIV. and the Regent Orleans, — and this seems to be the purpose of his book, — but as, happily, the historian precedes the advocate, and presents the facts which condemn the men whom he desires to reintroduce to good society, there is no danger that anyone will be misled by his most interesting pages. The account of Colbert's taxing scheme has the merit of showing that the great administrator was neither the father of Protection for France nor of her manufactures. Rather was he the McKinley of a country old in protective practices as well as in manufacturing industries. The narrative of Law's scheme and the consequent Mississippi Bubble is admirable in its comprehensive clearness, and sets forth fully that sanguine yet suspicious French temperament which recent exposures in France indicate to be a perennial quality.

The causes and conditions of the French Revolution.

A COMPANION volume to the preceding, and of equal merit in its faithful portrayal, is Mr. E. J. Lowell's "Eve of the French Revolution" (Houghton). These two volumes make a graphic introduction to Morse Stephens's great History of the Revolution, of which two volumes are issued. Historians are beginning to explain the French Revolution and not merely to write essays upon it, and the explanation consists in giving full and accurate de-

tails, both of the event and of the years that preceded it. Mr. Lowell's sketches of the various classes which made up the French people bring out the respective privileges and privations which made life intolerable to the great mass of Frenchmen in the eighteenth century. Then follows an account of French taxation and finance under the last Bourbons, and the remaining portion of the book is given to the expression of criticism, revolt, and protest in the writings of philosophers, literary men, pamphleteers, and finally in the *cahiers* presented to the States General. With the three works in one's hands—Perkins, Lowell, and Stephens—it is now possible for the English reader to read understandingly that masterpiece of genius—Carlyle's "French Revolution."

Sketches and pictures of Canadian travels.

"ON Canada's Frontiers," which comes to us with all the advantages of Harper's most substantial and handsome book-making, consists of a series of articles prepared originally for "Harper's Magazine." In reading Mr. Ralph's pleasant pages one is apt to think with Horace, *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*. Mr. Ralph has the nice art of conveying quantities of information, detail, statistics even, without ever forgetting that his office is to entertain. In the chapters entitled "A Skin for a Skin" and "Talking Musquash" will be found a very vivid and memorable sketch of the great Hudson Bay Company's career. The chapter on "Big Fishing" will fill many an angler's heart with longing for the marvellous runs and eddies of the Nepigon. And from the enthusiastic but careful study called "Canada's Eldorado" the world may learn, what Canadians themselves are still far from realizing,—the boundless possibilities of the Mountain Province, British Columbia, an area "as extensive as the combination of New England, the Middle States, and Maryland, the Virginias, the Carolinas, and Georgia, leaving Delaware out. Mr. Ralph writes in a broad and appreciative spirit. The illustrations by Frederic Remington are full of vitality and freshness.

The mother of George Washington.

MORE than a hundred years have passed since Mary, the mother of George Washington, passed from this life, "upheld by unflinching faith in the promises of the Bible, and by full belief in the communion of the saints." It seems somewhat strange that she should have waited so long for a biographer, not only because that with her rested nearly all the responsibility and care of the education and training of her illustrious son, but because of her own striking personality. Lafayette said of her in 1784, "I have seen the only Roman matron living at this day." The adopted son of the first President wrote of her thirty-seven years after her death, "Had she been of the olden time, statues would have been erected to her memory at the Capitol, and she would have been called the Mother of Romans." All that

we now read of her in the recently-issued "Story of Mary Washington" (Houghton), as told by Marion Harland, tends to confirm these high opinions. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of the environment which helped to make Washington; its illustrations serve to assist the mind in realizing the conditions of life in Virginia at the most interesting period of its history.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A COMPLETE edition, in a single volume, of the "Poems" of Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr is published by the Scribners, with the kindly and placid features of the author as a portrait frontispiece. Mrs. Dorr's verse has a secure place in many hearts, and this tasteful volume is well assured of readers. We also have, beautifully printed and illustrated, "Poems by Helen Jackson" (Roberts), being a complete collection of Mrs. Jackson's poetical writings.

NEARLY as numerous as the books for children are the books about children. To the latter class belongs a small volume called "Children: Their Models and Critics" (Harper), by Aurette Roys Aldrich. It is a book designed for the practical guidance of mothers during the early years of the life of their children and at the period most vital for consistent and successful character-building.

MR. W. E. ADDIS has undertaken a new English translation of the Hexateuch, and has furthermore attempted to separate the various narratives, arranging them in chronological order. His work, entitled "The Documents of the Hexateuch" (Putnam) is to occupy two volumes, of which the first is now at hand. It has for a special title "The Oldest Book of Hebrew History," and includes the Jahvist and Elohist narratives, which Mr. Addis believes "were combined in one book before they were united with the other documents of the Hexateuch." The two are not distinguished except in cases where the evidence is particularly good. Mr. Addis claims to be the first to undertake this work in English for the entire Hexateuch, it having previously been done for Genesis alone.

THE latest edition of Lamb's "Essays of Elia" (Little, Brown & Co.) is in two volumes, and distinguished by a thoughtful introduction, the work of Mr. George E. Woodberry. For the rest, it is an edition dignified in form and typography, well worthy of a place upon the shelf of standard classics. It is a book that "no gentleman's library should be without," although not in the sense in which its author used the phrase.

A FEW belated Holiday books must have a word of mention. "My Little Friends" (Lee & Shepard) is a volume of authentic baby portraits, selected, and provided with verse quotations, by Mr. E. Heinrichs. "Baby McKee" appears as a frontispiece. Sheridan's "The School for Scandal" (Dodd) appears in a beautiful volume, with illustrations (several being aquarelles) by Mr. Frank M. Gregory. "Christmas Every Day and Other Stories" (Harper), by Mr. W. D. Howells, is a book for children, as are also the "Stories" of Mr. Ascott R. Hope (Macmillan), and Miss Effie W. Merriam's "The Conways" (Lee & Shepard).

THOSE who are fond of literary trifles may find their account in five recent volumes. Mr. Barry Pain's "Playthings and Parodies" (Cassell) contains some ex-

cellent fooling in the way of imitations and humorous essays. Semi-humorous at least, and far from unreadable, is Mr. J. M. Barrie's "A Holiday in Bed and Other Sketches" (N. Y. Publishing Co.), which includes a sketch and portrait of their author. There can be no doubt about the humor of "Model Music-Hall Songs and Dramas" (U. S. Book Co.), for they are the work of Mr. Guthrie (F. Anstey), and reproduced from "Punch." We also note the appearance of a second series of Mr. Guthrie's "Voices Populi" (Longmans). The last of our volumes, "Flying Visits" (U. S. Book Co.), by Mr. Harry Furniss, has humor both verbal and pictorial. The author's impressions of his travels "are in no way colored," he informs us, for the obvious reason that the articles containing them were first published in "Black and White."

RECENTLY published school text-books include "The Foundations of Rhetoric" (Harper), by the veteran Prof. A. S. Hill; "A Primary French Translation Book" (Heath), by Messrs. W. S. Lyon and G. de H. Larpent; "How to Teach Writing" (American Book Co.), a manual of penmanship by Mr. Lyman D. Smith; "English Classics for Schools" (American Book Co.), including Scott's "Ivanhoe," Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and "Twelfth Night," Macaulay's second "Earl of Chatham" essay, the "Roger de Coverley" papers, and selections from Irving's "Sketch Book"; "Nature Stories for Young Readers" (Heath), by Miss M. Florence Bass; "Important Events in the World's History" (Cincinnati: The Author), compiled by Miss Phæbe Elizabeth Thoms; "The Story of the Iliad" (Macmillan), told in simple prose by the Rev. Alfred J. Church; "Select Orations and Letters of Cicero" (Allyn & Bacon), edited by Prof. F. W. Kelsey; "The Land We Live In" (Lee & Shepard), being the fourth of Mr. Charles F. King's series of "Picturesque Geographical Readers"; "Old-English Phonology" (Heath), by Dr. George Hemph; and "A Short History of English Literature for Young People" (McClurg), by Miss E. S. Kirkland.

WE have only space to name the following collections of short stories, although their authors are of the best who cater in this kind. "David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories of Colonial Times" (Houghton), is a volume by Mrs. Jane G. Austin, who has given us so many vivid historical sketches of life in old Massachusetts. "Mr. Billy Downs and His Likes" (Webster), by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, once more gives a faithful reproduction of Georgian character and speech. "The Last Touches and Other Stories" (Macmillan) is a volume by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, who works best upon a narrow canvas. Mr. Julian Sturgis has collected, in "After Twenty Years and Other Stories" (Longmans), a number of his contributions to the English magazines. Still other new volumes of short stories are "King Billy of Ballarat and Other Stories" (Rand, McNally & Co.), by Mr. Morley Roberts; "Arma's and Others" (Schulte), by Mrs. Lindon W. Bates; "A Dead Level and Other Episodes" (Moulton), by Miss Fanny Purdy Palmer; and "Holiday Stories" (Price-McGill Co.), by Mr. Stephen Fiske.

THE following new novels are by American writers: "An American Nobleman" (Schulte), by Mr. William Armstrong; "The Devil's Gold" (Morrill, Higgins & Co.), a story of ancient Mexico, by Mr. Oscar F. G. Day; "Witch Winnie's Studio" (Dodd), a story of art life, by Miss Elizabeth W. Champney; "An Artist in Crime" (Putnam), by Mr. Rodrigues Ottolengui;

"My Flirtations" (Lippincott), by Miss Margaret Wynman; "Winterborough" (Houghton), a tale of New England village life, by Miss Eliza Orne White; "Barbara Dering" (Lippincott), a sequel to "The Quick and the Dead," by Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler; "Jane Field" (Harper), by Miss Mary E. Wilkins; "From Dusk to Dawn" (Appleton), by Miss Katharine Pearson Woods; and "Characteristics" (Century Co.), by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

MRS. EMMA MARSHALL'S "In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell" (Macmillan) is a semi-historical novel of religious character, based upon facts gathered from Burnet, Tillotson, and other seventeenth century authorities. "The Siege of Norwich Castle" (Macmillan) by Mr. M. M. Blake, takes us still farther back in English history, for it is, like Kingsley's "Hereward," a story of the final phase of Saxon resistance to the Conqueror. The following new English novels are of more modern interest: "The Princess of Peele" (Lovell, Gestefeld & Co.), by Mr. William Westall; "Adrift in a Great City" (Macmillan), by Mr. M. E. Winchester; "An Excellent Knave" (National Book Co.), by Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy; and "The Cuckoo in the Nest" (U. S. Book Co.), by the veteran Mrs. Oliphant.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

Prof. J. K. Hosmer is engaged in preparing a biography of Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Company announce Pierre Loti's "Pêcheur d'Islande," annotated for use as a school text.

The original manuscript of "Poems by Two Brothers," recently sold at auction in London, brought nearly £500.

"Studies of Religious History," a posthumous volume of fragments by Renan, has just been published in London.

The first part of an illustrated history of Norwegian literature, by Henrik Jaeger, has just been published in Christiania.

A "School Review," devoted to secondary education, and edited by President Schurman of Cornell, will make its appearance this month.

The Vatican has just refused to receive as Minister from Spain Señor Juan Valera, on the ground of the heretical opinions expressed in his novels.

A blank verse dramatization of Kingsley's "Hypatia" has just been produced at the Haymarket in London, under the direction of Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

The late Miss Edwards founded a chair of Egyptology at University College, Oxford, and Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie has been selected as its first occupant.

J. H. Hooyer, a Dutch critic of considerable reputation, died a few weeks ago. For the last quarter of a century he has been a constant contributor to "De Gids."

"Poetry in Italy" is the subject of an interesting article in "The Nation" for December 22. It deals mainly with the two Bolognese poets, Stecchetti and Carducci.

Mrs. Oliphant's forthcoming "Victorian Age of English Literature" will contain a number of hitherto unpublished letters from distinguished authors, discussing their own works.

The Toronto "Week" has changed its form, the pages being reduced in size and increased in number. It is far more handy in its present shape than formerly, and deserves more readers than ever.

"The Statesmanship of William H. Seward, as Seen in His Public Career prior to 1861," a pamphlet by Mr. Andrew Estrem, contains a thesis presented to Cornell University with the author's application for a degree.

In the January "Forum," Dr. J. M. Rice continues his exposure of the faults of our public school system. In this number he deals with the schools of New York, and reveals a state of things that must be described as shocking.

The name "Alan St. Aubyn," appearing upon the title-page of some pretty stories of English university life, is, it seems, the pseudonym of Miss Frances Marshall, of Cambridge, England. Two new novels from her pen are announced by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co.

The January "Book Buyer" prints, in autograph facsimile, the literary preferences of Messrs. Brander Matthews, Joel Chandler Harris, T. R. Sullivan, and Miss Agnes Repplier, expressed after the fashion of the "Mental Photograph Album" of a past generation.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's account of "The Drury Lane Boy's Club" is published as a booklet by the Scribners. It is copyrighted by Master Vivian Burnett, who set up the type in his own printing establishment in the basement of the family residence at Washington.

The Twentieth Century Club of Chicago has from the very start made addresses by representatives of the dramatic art a distinctive feature of its programme. In past seasons the club has been addressed by Signor Salvini, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and the late Mr. Florence. On the 12th of this month Mr. Edward S. Willard was the guest of the club, and spoke seriously, as well as entertainingly, upon "Plays, Players, and Playgoers."

Four of the novels of Mr. F. Marion Crawford were published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The Macmillans have now obtained possession of these copyrights, and will add the novels in question to their uniform edition, thus making the set complete. Mr. Crawford's forthcoming novel, "The Children of the King," is a story of Calabria. The novelist will give "A Talk about Calabria," with some extracts from this novel, before the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, the evening of February 3.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1893 (Second List).

Alamo, The. Illus. R. H. Titherington. *Munsey's Magazine*.
Alaska and the Reindeer. Illus. J. C. Cantwell. *Californian*.
Alcohol Question in Switzerland. *Annals Am. Academy*.
American Verse, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
America Prefigured. Justin Winsor. *Harvard Grad. Mag.*
Architecture, Modern. Barr Ferree. *New England Mag.*
Athens' American School. Illus. M. L. D'Ooge. *Chautauquan*.
Auto, The Doctrine of. C. L. Morgan. *Monist*.
Barbara Fritchie. Illus. Nellie B. Eyster. *Californian*.
Browne, Hablot Knight. Illus. Arthur Allchin. *Century*.
Bull Fighting. Illus. E. F. Kimball. *Munsey's Magazine*.
Californian Academy of Sciences. Illus. C. F. Holder. *Calif'n*.
Canada's Railway Development. A. R. Davis. *Chautauquan*.
Cholera, Vaccination against. Illus. *Review of Reviews*.
Cost and Utility. S. N. Patten. *Annals Am. Academy*.

Crawford, F. Marion. C. D. Lanier. *Review of Reviews*.
Dean Hole's Reminiscences. E. G. J. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Delsarteism. Illus. David L. Lezinsky. *Californian*.
Detaille, Edouard. Illus. C. Stuart Johnson. *Munsey's Mag.*
Diaries, Old College. T. W. Higginson. *Harvard Grad. Mag.*
Diaz and Mexico of Today. Illus. H. W. Ware. *Rev. of Rev.*
Dix, Dorothea. Illus. Mary S. Robinson. *Century*.
Economic Revolution, The. R. T. Ely. *Chautauquan*.
Economics, Psychologic Basis of. L. F. Ward. *Am. Acad.*
Edwards, Amelia B., Childhood of. Illus. *New England Mag.*
Farragut, Admiral. H. L. Wait. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
France in North America. E. G. Mason. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Frederick the Great's Youth. C. H. Cooper. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
French Historic Sculptures. Illus. *Chautauquan*.
German Character. R. M. Meyer. *Journal of Ethics*.
Gipsyland. Illus. Elizabeth R. Pennell. *Century*.
Greek Papyri. J. P. Mahaffy. *Chautauquan*.
Harvard Men in Public Service. C. P. Ware. *Harv. Grad. Mag.*
Harvard in the West. C. F. Thwing. *Harv. Grad. Mag.*
Indian Life, Personal Studies of. Alice C. Fletcher. *Century*.
Intuition and Reason. Christine L. Franklin. *Monist*.
Kindergarten Movement, The. Talcott-Williams. *Century*.
Literature and the Drama. Edgar Fawcett. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Love, Evolutionary. C. S. Pierce. *Monist*.
Millet's Early Life. Illus. Pierre Millet. *Century*.
Mountain Railroad Engineering. Illus. *Munsey's Magazine*.
Newspaper, An Endowed. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Newspapers of Europe. T. C. Crawford. *Munsey's Mag.*
Old South States, The. Illus. Lee C. Harby. *New Eng. Mag.*
Parton, James. Illus. Julius H. Ward. *New Eng. Mag.*
Political Economy and Life. *Journal of Ethics*.
Prussian Country Communities. C. Barnhak. *Am. Acad.*
Psychology, The New. H. Münsterberg. *Harv. Grad. Mag.*
Renan. M. D. Conway. *Monist*.
Romans, Did they Degenerate? Mary E. Case. *Jour. of Eth.*
Seligman's Taxation. E. A. Ross. *Annals Am. Academy*.
Social Progress, Ethics of. F. H. Giddings. *Jour. of Ethics*.
Spoken Literature. Charles Barnard. *Chautauquan*.
St. Paul's Church, Narragansett. Alice Earle. *New Eng. Mag.*
Surgery, Advance of. P. F. Chambers. *Munsey's Mag.*
Tennyson. Illus. Arthur K. Woodbury. *Californian*.
University Extension in America. Illus. *Rev. of Reviews*.
Wall of China, The. Illus. Romyn Hitchcock. *Century*.
Whittier. Illus. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *Century*.
Wilson, John. Illus. Henry A. Beers. *Century*.
Woman's C. T. U. Illus. D. J. Spencer. *Californian*.
Woman's Cruelty and Pity. Guillaume Ferrero. *Monist*.
Women in Greek History. Emily F. Wheeler. *Chautauquan*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 53 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

ART.

Drawing and Engraving: A Brief Exposition of Technical Principles and Practice. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "Etching and Etchers." Illus., small 4to, pp. 172, gilt top, uncut edges. Macmillan & Co. \$7.00.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Henry Maine: A Brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. With some of his Indian speeches and minutes, selected and edited by Whitney Stokes. D. C. L. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 451, uncut. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

Familiar Talks on English Literature. From the English Conquest of Britain, 449, to the Death of Walter Scott, 1832. By Abby Sage Richardson. New and revised edition, 8vo, pp. 433. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.
Creation of the Bible. By Myron Adams, author of "The Continuous Creation." 8vo, pp. 313, gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The Works of Xenophon. Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A. In 4 vols. Vol. II., 12mo, pp. 365, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. Edited by Vida D. Scudder, M.A. 16mo, pp. 171. D. C. Heath & Co. 65 cts.

Dies Irae: The Great Dirge of Thomas de Celano. Giving the Latin text, with a strict prose translation and three new versions in rhyme, by M. W. Stryker. 16mo, pp. 52, gilt top. F. H. Revell Co. 80 cts.

Historical Outlines of English Syntax. By Leon Kellner, Ph.D. 16mo, pp. 336. Macmillan & Co. \$1.40.

A Short Historical English Grammar. By Henry Sweet, M.A., author of "An Anglo-Saxon Reader." 18mo, pp. 264. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

POETRY.

Poetry of the Gathered Years. Compiled by M. H. 16mo, pp. 169. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

Green Fields and Running Brooks. By James Whitecomb Riley. 16mo, pp. 224, gilt top. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

Ave: An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Shelley. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Square 12mo, pp. 30. Toronto, Ont.: Williamson Book Co.

Wanderers: The Poems of William Winter. New edition, with portrait, 24mo, pp. 268, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated by Alexander Pope. New American edition, edited by Francis F. Browne. In 2 vols., 16mo, gilt tops. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

FICTION.

The Last Voyages of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, As Related by himself and his Companions. By Charles Paul Mac Kie. 8vo, pp. 518, gilt top, uncut edges. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.75.

Wedded by Fate: or, Sister Angela. By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, author of "His Heart's Queen." 16mo, pp. 421, Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

"Perchance to Dream," and Other Stories. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. 16mo, pp. 280. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Fencing with Shadows. By Hattie Tyng Griswold, author of "Home Life of Great Authors." With frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 400. Morrill, Higgins & Co. \$1.25.

The Brides of the Tiger: A Tale of Adventure when These Colonies Were New. By W. H. Babcock. With frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 218. Morrill, Higgins & Co. \$1.25.

The Secret of Narcisse: A Romance. By Edmund Gosse, author of "Gossip in a Library." 16mo, pp. 240. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.

The Last Confession, and The Blind Mother. By Hall Caine, author of "The Scapegoat." With portrait, 12mo, pp. 177. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.

My Friend Pasquale, and Other Stories. By James Selwin Tait, author of "The Neapolitan Banker." 12mo, pp. 333. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.

Who Is the Man? A Tale of the Scottish Border. By James Selwin Tait, author of "My Friend Pasquale." Illus., 16mo, pp. 284. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

The Fever of Life. By Fergus Hume, author of "The Piccadilly Puzzle." 12mo, pp. 381. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.

The Old Maids' Club. By I. Zangwill, author of "The Bachelors' Club." Illus., 12mo, pp. 333. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

The Diary of a Nobody. By George and Weedon Grossmith. Illus., 12mo, pp. 235. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

When I Lived in Bohemia. By Fergus Hume, author of "The Island of Fantasy." Illus., 12mo, pp. 342. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.25.

REPRINTS OF STANDARD FICTION.

White-Jacket; or, The World in a Man-of-War. By Herman Melville, author of "Typee." 12mo, pp. 374. United States Book Co. \$1.50.

Moby Dick; or, The White Whale. By Herman Melville. 12mo, pp. 545. United States Book Co. \$1.50.

The Antiquary. By Sir Walter Scott. "Dryburgh" edition, illus., 8vo, pp. 430, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

Sketches by Boz. By Charles Dickens. Reprint of the first edition. 12mo, pp. 464, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: In Summer Shade, by Mary E. Man; 12mo, pp. 243. 50 cts.

Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series: Mostly Marjorie Day, by Virginia F. Townsend; 16mo, pp. 383. 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series: "Em's" Husband, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth; illus., 16mo, pp. 393. — The Haunted Husband, by Mrs. Harriet Lewis; illus., 16mo, pp. 393. Each, 50 cts.

Rand-McNally Rialto Series: 'Gainst Wind and Tide, by Nellie Talbot Kinkaid; 12mo, pp. 214. 75 cts.

Tait's Shandon Series: A Conquering Heroine, by "The Duchess"; 18mo, pp. 196. 25 cts.

Morrill-Higgins' "Midland" Series: Her Shattered Idol, by Belle V. Logan; 12mo, pp. 250. 25 cts.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

In Camp with a Tin Soldier. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illus., 16mo, pp. 194. R. H. Russel & Son. \$1.00.

A Battle and a Boy: A Story for Young People. By Blanche Willis Howard, author of "Tony the Maid." 12mo, pp. 285. Tait, Sons & Co. \$1.00.

Life and Sylvia: A Christmas Journey. By Josephine Balesier. Illus., 12mo, pp. 58. United States Book Co. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Our Cycling Tour in England, from Canterbury to Dartmoor Forest, and back by way of Bath, Oxford, and the Thames Valley. By Reuben G. Thwaites, author of "The Colonies." Illus., 16mo, pp. 315. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

Sketches of Death Valley and Other Borax Deserts of the Pacific Coast. By John R. Spears. Illus., 16mo, pp. 226. Rand, McNally & Co. Paper, 25 cts.

ETHICS.

A Review of the Systems of Ethics founded on the Theory of Evolution. By C. V. Williams. 8vo, pp. 580, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Translated, with an analysis and critical notes, by J. E. C. Weldon, M.A. 12mo, pp. 352, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

SOCIAL STUDIES.

A History of Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. 12mo, pp. 301. Macmillan & Co. \$2.00.

The Theory of Wages, and Its Application to the Eight Hours Question and Other Labor Problems. By Herbert M. Thompson, M. A. 16mo, pp. 140. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

The Social Condition of Labor. By E. R. L. Gould, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 42, uncut. Johns Hopkins Press. Paper, 50 cts.

POLITICAL STUDIES.

Causes of the American Revolution. By James A. Woodburn, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 75. Johns Hopkins Press. Paper, 50 cts.

Constitution of the Republic of Colombia. Translated by Bernard Moses, Ph.D., with historical introduction. 8vo, pp. 70. Annals of the American Academy. Paper, 35 cts.

Buchanan's Conspiracy, the Nicaragua Canal, and Reciprocity. By P. Cudmore, B.H., author of "The Irish Republic." 16mo, pp. 126. New York: P. J. Kenedy. Paper, 25 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Practical Surveyor's Guide: Containing the necessary information to make anyone a land surveyor, without a teacher. By Andrew Duncan. New, revised, enlarged edition, illus., 16mo, pp. 214. Philadelphia: H. C. Baird & Co. \$1.50.

Intellectual Pursuits; or, Culture by Self-Help. By Robert Waters, author of "Life of William Cobbett." 12mo, pp. 361. Worthington Co. \$1.25.

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